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THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Literary Journal.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We hear that Mr. Whistler is engaged on a new book which will be on the lines of his much-talked-of work, *On the Gentle Art of Making Enemies*.

Mrs. Lynn Linton bequeathed her writing desk to Miss Beatrice Harraden, of whose work Mrs. Linton spoke so appreciatively in her last novel, *One Too Many*.

Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company have just published a long poem by Henry Austin, entitled *Hobson's Choice*. We believe that this is the first serious attempt to depict in verse the sinking of the *Merrimac*, and the little book will doubtless have a large sale among the hero-worshipping public.

Among the humours of our war with Spain the following which has come under our notice deserves a notable place. It appears that a trophy consisting of a Spanish flag on which are crossed two of the beautiful sword blades for which the city of Toledo in Spain is noted, has for years adorned the walls of the main reading room in the public library in Toledo, Ohio. Beneath the trophy there is this description: "A memorial from Toledo in Spain to Toledo in Ohio." The blades were presented to the city in 1876 by the Spanish commission to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and have always been accounted among the proudest of Toledo's municipal possessions. Now this board of library trustees is composed of several gentlemen who are very wise and very good. So carefully indeed do they conserve the morals of their readers that recently they pounced on the writings of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and fearing that corruption lay in their pages, his works were virtuously removed from the shelves of the library. His name, one of them suggested, smacked too much of the French to be safe. Extending their distrust of all things that bear the fatal mark of the Latin races to the ancient blades of Spain's imperial city they have now attacked the flag which for so long a period, as these gentlemen love to phrase it, has been "in our midst." Consequently they have draped a bright new American flag over the Spanish trophy, and the yellow and red are obscured by the red, white and blue. Only the shining point of one of the blades and a patch of pestilential yellow show beneath the stars and stripes. We believe that public excitement has gone so far as to suggest that the name of the town be changed.

"It is not without significance," remarks a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, "how large a part Rome plays in recent fiction. Its most eminent heroes and heroines are at this moment heading for monasticism. There are Helbeck of Bannisdale, and Miss Evelyn Innes, and Mr. Robert Orange (of *The School for Saints*), and, over the water, that sainted sinner, the M. Durtal of M. Huysmans. M. Zola, too, who began by advocating science, has ended with an attempt to withstand Rome. Readers who take their current fiction seriously should read their *Helbeck of Bannisdale* and *Evelyn Innes*

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side by side. The types of Romanism and Agnosticism are complementary in a way that is neither uninstructive nor unamusing." So evidently, too, thought Bliss Carman who in a recent Saturday issue of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* devoted his customary column of Marginal Notes to a consideration of these two novels which, so dissimilar in every other respect, have this in common, that they deal with the same theme—"the supremacy of conscience or moral sense in the person of a heroine, upon whom each exhausts the whole of his or her intellectual resources in order to make her vivid, lifelike and attractive." This neat statement of their common subject occurs in a review on "Treatises of Conscience" in the English *Review of Reviews* for July, under which suggestive heading is arraigned still once more the two important novels of the hour. In further elucidation of the close correspondence which links these books together, we may quote what Mr. Quiller-Couch has described as the essential idea of Mr. Moore's story. "Mr. Moore," he says,

> has built his story upon an idea, and the idea I take to be this—what differentiates man from the beasts is his possession of a moral sense, or conscience, and his obedience to it. This sense is independent of the reasoning powers, and must often stand in direct conflict with them. We may convince ourselves by argument that such and such conduct is permissible to us: but if the inner sense be not convinced—if we feel that it is not permissible—then we shall find no happiness in such conduct; we shall weary of it, we shall loathe it, shall discover in time we simply cannot persist in it.'

We do not forget that in treatment, the authors—the one a woman of refined culture and almost priggish propriety, and the other a very much unbridled and riotous realist of unquestioned literary libertinism—are as far apart as the poles. In their polemic tendencies, they are quite as remotely separated. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* has been raised to a war-whoop of triumph over the Roman Catholic Church, while Mr. George Moore's novel is as unmistakably recognised to be a vindication of the Roman system, recalling most markedly the strong and emphatic views of J. K. Huysmans. But the elements, the motives, the processes of character are essentially the same. "In both cases," to quote from the *Review of Reviews* again, "although at different intervals, the moral principle, or conscience, or whatever you call that which differentiates human beings from the brutes, re-asserts itself, with a result that one heroine ends as a suicide and the other as a nun."

Ten years ago there was published a remarkable and powerful modern romance called *The New Antigone*, which presented a casuistic treatment of the same problem, and which is brought to mind by the discussion of these "treatises of conscience." It is rendered the more interesting by the fact that, though published anonymously, the work is known to be by Dr. William Barry, a noted scholar and contributor to the *Quarterly Review* and other magazines, and one of the most acute and learned critics in the Roman Catholic Church to-day. In view of this, the following letters written by Father Barry to Mr. Moore on the subject of the latter's article published recently in the *Westminster Gazette* are of peculiar interest. In that article, Mr. Moore enters a protest against the unscientific and generally unreasonable methods of modern critics as compared with the ancient and, to his thinking, much preferable procedure of ecclesiastical courts in dealing with works said to impugn the laws of morality. Needless to add that this article has provoked much controversy in the London press. We are indebted to Mr. Fisher Unwin, the English publisher of *Evelyn Innes*, for permission to publish Dr. Barry's letters:

DORCHESTER, WALLINGFORD,
June 25, 1898.

DEAR GEORGE MOORE:—I was writing a line to Mr. Unwin two or three days ago, into which you came and your *Esther Waters*. May I say that you have been much in my mind—or even in my heart? And for a long while. Your scepticism—my religion? Well, perhaps they have something in common. At least, we both do our human endeavour to see things as they are. We shall get our answer in a little—or the silence which does duty for it. If I hope, and you hesitate, we are still of that not large company that think their own thoughts, instead of crying with the mob. You live by yourself, they tell me: so do I.

There is no single word in the article you send me with which I do not agree. And I thank you for the lucid and therefore convincing way you have taken to express a vital principle in art as in morals.

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Of course I am giving my own view, not that of anyone else. I don't pretend to speak with authority, having none to exercise. I am not in any sense an official person.

But the Church has a mind on these matters, and a usage; her dealings with the classics, with painting and sculpture, with mediæval or modern masterpieces,—drama, story-telling, and the rest, have surely followed the lines you trace. It would be easier to charge the Roman Curia with too much than too little forbearance, but such are the facts. Any one may verify them who will take a list of the famous modern books and search for them in the Index Expurgatorius. How few of them he will find there on the score of an *attentat aux mœurs*, which is what you are charged with! You claim for the artist a freedom which we all grant to the physician, the lawgiver writing about social phenomena, the biologist, and in general to the man of science, who finds nothing common or unclean. To know evil, and to describe evil, are not, in themselves, the same as to do evil. But, then, it will be said, the artist addresses the public, not professionals. Certainly,—and therefore not merely schoolgirls, prudes, or Puritans. I think, too, the custom of the country is undergoing a change in the direction of plain-speaking. And when everybody can read, and multitudes do read, every sort of detail in the newspapers, it seems illogical—superfluous, also—to put an embargo on a six-shilling book, circulating among the classes that buy these. However, you ask me whether you have stated the Catholic view; I answer, undoubtedly. The Church, before condemning an author's work, considers it as a whole; its details are governed by its scope and tendency, which, if they are sound, will justify very free handling on his part. Where the book has substance and life, time will soften the crudeness incidental to fresh attempts at symbolising moral truths. And to time the process may be left.

I can't forbear enclosing a paper which has been well received among Catholics, abroad and in America no less than at home, by way of showing what is the method in criticism I would advocate. It is your contention from another point of view. The pages I mean are 4-12.

Mr. Unwin sent me *Evelyn Innes*, which I mean to read when I put my own book out of hand. But I have wanted ever since beginning *Esther Waters* to make some sign towards you. I shall finish reading it when I can overcome the pain there is in a study so close to life. One has known too much of these things, and you don't spare the truth. I took down the story a moment ago;—you say, the rock of offence was in Queen Charlotte's Hospital. My dear Moore, let us thank whatever gods there be that we are not as these Pharisees.

I don't know if we shall meet, or when. My London days are few, and get fewer. I can fancy, once we had broken the ice, a freedom in our talk which is beyond agreement. You know I hold no briefs. In spirit we surely have met. Forgive this endless letter. Ever yours,

WILLIAM BARRY.

DORCHESTER, WALLINGFORD,
July 1, 1898.

DEAR MR. UNWIN:—I have no possible objection to your publishing my remarks on the question of censorship by what George Moore calls a "library tribunal," as contrasted with that of the Catholic Church.

There is no need for me to be pedantically accurate in alluding to the one word of Moore's article on which, if this were the place, I should have something to say, viz., that an artist "reasons never." I take this to mean that an artist does not "reason" as a philosopher does, but by a method of his own. With this understanding, I accept all he has said in his little paper; and, of course, extremely well said it is. I have now quite finished *Esther Waters*—a book as true as it is touching, and of a high moral purity and effectiveness. This judgment I know is shared by men and women, Catholics of my acquaintance, who have been edified where some others, with an amazing prudery, turn aside and cover their eyes. Well, I don't think their atitude either good sense or even tolerable Christianity.

Yours always sincerely,
WILLIAM BARRY.

How great-hearted men may become accidentally misrepresented and such misrepresentation become a permanent impression by the impetus of current comment, is strikingly shown by the published reports of Victor Hugo's treatment of the Prince Kropotkin Release Petition when offered for his signature. It was stated at the time in the press, in the *London Times* especially, that M. Hugo absolutely refused to attach his signature to the Petition. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. These are the facts, and there were persons present, both English and French, who can authenticate them: When the petition was brought to M. Hugo, his brother-in-law, the editor of a well-known radical paper, tried to dissuade the petitioners from approaching the poet, but M. Hugo from an adjoining room heard what was going on, and coming out he exclaimed: "I have always been ready to add my mite of influence in the cause of humanity and freedom, and I shall sign this Petition." Then his brother-in-law remonstrated, saying that as the petitioners had not shown the tact and sense to leave a space at the top of the petition for his signature it was not fit for him to sign it. M. Hugo's only reply was to

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COVER DESIGN OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" IN SWEDISH.

take the petition and write in the margin that he trusted the President of France would exercise his power of clemency in behalf of the Prince. The day after this event the London papers contained sneering comments on how great men, influenced by vanity, could refuse support to the cause of humanity because their names could not head the list. Upon seeing this an eye-witness of the transaction at Paris wrote a correction to the *London Times*, but it was not inserted, and so to this day in a great many minds Victor Hugo's name is smudged with a stain of small personal pride and vanity utterly undeserved.

Mr. George W. Cable, who returned to his home in Northampton, Mass., a few weeks ago, seems to have been inspired by the Muse during his visit in Scotland. Along with Mr. Craibe Angus and Mr. Neil Munro, he visited the Burns shrines and wrote the following impromptu verse in the Burns book:

Of heavenly stature, but most humble smile,
Gyved with our faults he stands,
Truth's white and Love's red roses rendering us,
Whose thorns are in his hands.

Before leaving for America Mr. Cable sent a copy of *The Grandissimes* to Mr. Angus and under his autograph he wrote the following lines:

By bonnie Doon in blue July
We turned our hearts to Burns's strain;
Craibe Angus, Neil Munro, and I,
Sweet Fortune, send that day again!

We have just received from Stockholm a copy of Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* in Swedish. The title is translated *Vid Rosenbusken*, and the work is by V. Emanuelsson. The cover design, which we herewith reproduce, may be characteristic of Swedish life, but it never could have emanated from Drumtochty.

Among Mrs. Ritchie's earliest memories of her father is the drawing of an abortive alphabet which was to teach her to read. She was then not more than three years old—it was still in the happy early days of Thackeray when he lived with his wife in the little house in Coram Street. Unfortunately Thackeray never got further with the alphabet than the pictures which are here given. They are reproduced by the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Harper and Brothers, from the fourth volume of the new Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works containing *Barry Lyndon, Esq.*, and other stories and papers.

"Zack's" stories, some of which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* without exciting any unusual comment, have evoked quite a burst of enthusiasm from

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A.a

A WAS AN ALDERMAN ROSY AND FAT.

B.b

B WAS A BEADLE THAT WORE A COCKED HAT.

C

C WAS A COACHMAN ALL COVERED WITH LACE.

D

D WAS A DUSTMAN QUITE BLACK IN THE FACE.

E

E WAS AN EEL IN THE RIVER,
I HOOKED HIM.

F

F WAS THE FRY-PAN IN WHICH MOLLY COOKED HIM.

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the critics, now that they are gathered in book form under the title of the first story, *Life is Life*. Many of these critics have been bewildered by the mingled strength and weakness of genius exhibited in her pages, and some of them have rushed into print with rash theories, accounting for her strange behaviour. One discerning critic writes as follows:

There are 323 pages in this book. In reality it begins at page 241 and goes straight on. There are thus eighty pages, great pages, notable pages, unforgettable pages, pages sufficient to give the writer a reputation. There are 238 printed pages that precede this, and of them it may be said that they are well enough, but have nothing to do with what follows them, and are the work of a writer in every way immeasurably inferior.

Unfortunately for the collaboration theory "Zack" has written in answer to this: "I should like to state that I have no collaborator, and am as responsible for the 241 pages that he (the critic) condemns as for the 80 pages that he praises." But of those eighty pages this same critic has said:

I should pity any one who could read these stories unmoved. They are to be classed with Tennyson's "Rizpah," and there is not much to go along with them in English literature, not much with the same terrible, tearing, tearless passion.

In the *Speaker* Mr. Quiller-Couch while writing of "Zack" in words of earnest, though tempered praise, puts it in this way when he comes to criticise her outlook:

"Life is Life" she says. It strikes me as a sound proposition, and doubtless we shall all agree that it is a true one—until we begin to ask ourselves separately what we understand by the predicate.

Life is (Life):

But does (Life) = (Beer and Skittles)
or = (The Valley of the Shadow)
or = (A nice, respectable Villa)
or = (Fifes and clarions)
or = (A Convent)
or = (A House Beautiful)
or = (A Grand Deal of Miscellaneous Eating).

You can only construe by paraphrasing; and so much (you see) depends on the paraphrase. . . . Hereafter; and with as good reason. "Zack's" title implies her claim to accept life for what it is, and so present it. I fancy she will come in time to regret both the title and the claim, as alike amateurish.

Terrible and tragic as are many of Mr. Quiller-Couch's Cornish stories, they are genial and relenting in comparison with the Devonshire stories of "Zack." That there is a true relationship between "Zack's" view of life and life itself, which Mr. Quiller-Couch doubts, we would not like to question. There is something within us that always rebels at the worst side of life, no matter how true and real and convincing it may be, more especially when it is presented to us in fiction.

It is diverting to find honest prejudice speaking in the columns of our grave young contemporary, *Literature*, as when George Moore's new book is decisively damned on the familiar ethical ground that there are bad people in it. No mincing analysis here, but plain, smashing blows with a bludgeon—the sort of elemental criticism that is dear to the primitive man. There has, however, been a long series of American letters contributed by Mr. Henry James to the same periodical, and these are constructed on a very different principle. In fact, there is such an interweaving of complexities, such a balancing of intricate clauses that you can stay in one sentence all day without getting too familiar with the thought. Take this one for instance:

It is a direct effect of any meditation provoked by such a book as Mr. Godkin's that we promptly, perhaps too promptly, revert to certain reminders among our multitudinous aspects, that nothing here is grimly ultimate, yet awhile—as may, even at the risk of the air of flippancy, be said for convenience—fatal; become aware that the correctives to doubt, the omens and promises of health and happiness, are on the scale of all the rest and at least as frequent as the tokens before which the face of the bold observer has its hours of elongation.

Now this sentence is quoted in no irreverent spirit, but as an instance of the elusive quality of Mr. James's style throughout these letters. They are written for the literary sportsman who finds a zest in tracking the wily thought through the verbal jungle. Like an anise-seed bag, a thought thus captured is valued not for its intrinsic worth, but on account of the excitement and difficulties of the chase. Not to imply that all Mr. James's thoughts are of the nature of anise-seed bags, for even in these somewhat reluctant papers he often reveals an idea, which as they say of athletes, strips very well.

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As an international novelist Mr. James may carry some weight in what he says of the local specialisation in American fiction. He seems to admire most in American writers their saturation with local conditions. He finds in Hamlin Garland, for instance, "a case of saturation so precious as to have almost the value of genius. . . . I express his price to my own taste, with all honour, if I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin." This comment, by the way, is a good illustration of Mr. James's analytical and sometimes ambiguous compliments to American authors. The latter can hardly enjoy his cautious delimitation of their powers, for apparently he thinks most of them are saturated rather than talented, and is very nervous lest they sail for Europe. He says: "On the day Miss Mary Wilkins should sail I would positively have detectives versed in the practice of extradition posted at Liverpool." And he calls Mr. Richard Harding Davis "one of the fresh ubiquitous young spirits who make me sometimes fear we may eat up our orange too fast." Yet the authors criticised will be sheltered in their self-love by the vagueness of Mr. James's style, which is always faltering and feeling its way between positive convictions. It is a manner that has grown on him and is seen in its extremest form in these curious letters—a sort of embarrassed dallying with a thought lest it should out and express itself. It becomes amusing when this delicate and timid touch is applied to such a subject as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's *American Ideals*:

> Particularly interesting is the spirit of his (Mr. Roosevelt's) plea at a time when the infatuated peoples in general, under the pressure of nearer and nearer neighbourhood, show a tendency to relinquish the mere theory of patriotism in favour of—as on the whole more convenient—the mere practice.

Language like this to a buzz-saw!

And yet it is no more than fair to cite some of his rarer, lucid passages. One of these deals with Mr. Winston Churchill's *Celebrity*, of which he says:

> The action moves in the air, meanwhile, in which every one, and most of all Mr. Churchill, is so desperately sly, so bewilderingly crushing and so unfathomably clever at his own expense, that we are reduced to saying we should doubtless enjoy the joke if we only knew what it is about. . . . It is both allusive and scathing, but so much more scathing than constructive, that we feel this not to be the way to build up the victim. The victim must be erect and solid—must be set upon his feet before he can be knocked down. The *Celebrity* is down from the first—we look straight over him. He has been exposed too young and never recovers.

And of Mr. Bret Harte he says:

> Since his literary fortune, nearly thirty years ago, with *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, sprang into being full-armed and full-blown, he has accepted it as that moment made it and bent his back to it with a docility that is to my sense, one of the most touching things in all American literary annals.

And again to the reader of Mr. Chambers's *Lorraine*, the questioning of Mr. James will seem altogether reasonable—"Why in the world operetta—operetta at best with guns?"

Mr. Howells has also been contributing to *Literature* on American topics, but in quite another vein. In a letter on "Chicago in Fiction" he has been acting the part of Charles Kingsley's Mrs. Do-As-You-Would-Be-Done-By—calling all the water babies of fiction to his knee and giving them little goodies of commendation. He beams on every one with persistent benignity. One of the beams actually brightened the closing hours of the *Chap-Book*, that prematurely bald little periodical. "The *Chap-Book*," says he, "is a growing force without ceasing to be a growing grace." Yet the *Chap-Book* died a few days afterwards and has since been absorbed in the *Dial*, which, however, hastened to assure its readers that no *Chap-Book* tinge should ever dye its worthy columns. On seeing the approach of death the *Chap-Book* grew serious and repentant, put on a conventional garb of type, and stopped saying snappish things. But it was too late. After a rather ghastly show of propriety, it flickered out like a misspent life.

The localisation of literary activity appeals even more strongly to Mr. Howells than to Mr. James. He has a kind word for every one who has caught a type or revealed a real condition. By way of supplement to the little map of United States literary geography published in the July BOOKMAN, it is interesting to

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note Mr. Howells's distribution of celebrities, and to mark, by the way, his omissions. For California he gives, besides Bret Harte and Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, on the strength of the latter's *Idyls of the South Seas*. To the South in general he assigns Joel Chandler Harris and Miss Murfree; to Louisiana, George W. Cable; to Indiana, James Whitcomb Riley; to Central New York, Harold Frederic; to New England (of the newer school), Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Mary Wilkins, and Mrs. Lily Chase Wyman; to Kentucky, Mr. James Lane Allen; to the Great Plains of the West, Mr. Owen Wister; to the Northwest, Mr. Hamlin Garland; to Chicago, Mr. Henry B. Fuller; to New York, Mr. Edward Harrigan, Mr. Stephen Crane, and Mr. Abraham Cahan for "East-side types," and Mr. Henry James, Mr. Edgar Fawcett and Mr. Brander Matthews for "Gentile society."

Apparently this specialisation is to him a hopeful sign of the triumph of realism, as if he saw in these writers a faithful, diligent army of fact-hunters and type-catchers, each trying conscientiously to be the "soaked sponge" of local colour for his own region. Certainly, with trained specialists "fictionising" each in his own locality, as a scientist might botanise or geologise in it, the whole country ought to be adequately described. And yet mere accuracy in local description will never suffice for some of us, and we believe that very few of the writers whom he mentions owe their charm exclusively or even chiefly to this quality. As a critic Mr. Howells is just now in such a genial mood that he will have all the young persons in the country taking to fiction if he is not careful. And how strange are the qualifications for entrance into his literary Pantheon! He is so intolerant of a Thackeray; so complaisant to the Miss Smiths and Miss Joneses who do the local colour and quaintness for the northwest corner of Massachusetts or delve for types among the bourgeoisie of Hoboken. The truth is that Mr. Howells has a literary creed which he often violates in writing his own books, but which he always observes in criticising the books of others. This is why he is so good a novelist and so bad a critic.

The September number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* will contain an article on "The Real Mark Twain," by Mr. Carlyle Smythe. Mr. Smythe is a friend of Mr. Clemens, and accompanied him in his Australian travels. His account of the American humourist will be written from the inside and show us Mark Twain is he is known to his friends. The article will be illustrated by a number of recent portraits. In the same number Sir Charles W. Dilke will contribute an interesting note on the practicability and utility of an Anglo-American union. What Sir Charles has to say on the subject will be worth reading and weighing well, as he was among the first statesmen in Europe to recognise and welcome the possibility of an amicable understanding and union between the Anglo-Saxon peoples. We note that this magazine is adapting itself more and more to the wants of the American reader, and we attribute this to the enterprise and foresight of Mr. A. E. Keet, who some months ago took hold of the magazine on this side in the interests of the American public.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who succeeded Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich as the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is now in turn superseded by Mr. Walter H. Page, who was called to Mr. Scudder's assistance three years ago. Mr. Scudder was practically released from his editorial duties over a year ago when he went to Europe on a long vacation from which he has only recently returned. He has relinquished the care of the magazine wholly to Mr. Page in order that he may devote himself entirely to literary plans and to the book publishing interests of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, with whom he has been long associated. The Riverside Literature Series, the Riverside School Library, the Cambridge edition of the Poets, and the American Commonwealths will continue as heretofore to command Mr. Scudder's editorial abilities and enterprise. Few men deserve the gratitude of the country as Mr. Scudder does for the stimulus which he has given to our chil-

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From the Saint-Gaudens medallion now being exhibited in Paris.

dren and youth in a genuine love for literature through the wide dissemination of the Literature Series and School Library. We take this opportunity of identifying his name with a movement which is as far-reaching and widely influential as are the schools themselves.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has expressed her preference for the portrait of Stevenson which is herewith reproduced. "On the whole," she says, "I like the Saint-Gaudens medallion the best of all, and I am delighted to hear that he has been chosen to do the Edinburgh memorial." Mr. Saint-Gaudens's large bronze medallion of Stevenson has been calling forth admiration at the Exhibition in Paris, where it is on view with a number of other bronzes by the same artist. Mr. Saint-Gaudens met Stevenson in America in 1887 and 1888, and got sittings from him then. The head, we understand, is to be used for the Edinburgh memorial. The fac-simile which we give is from a fine reproduction in the August *International Studio*.

Now and again among the interminable list of innumerable first volumes of

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poetry that come to us there falls into our hands an occasional little volume which by its distinction wins a kindly word of welcome and appreciation. Such a book is *Persephone and Other Poems*, by Mr. Charles Camp Tarelli. We notice that the poems have been received with warmth in several places, and this not undeservedly. The poet, as his name will suggest, is of Italian descent on his father's side, but on his mother's side he is English and was born in the neighbourhood of London in 1870. He began to write verse in 1887, the prevailing influence of his adolescent years being, as is not infrequently the case, the poet Byron. One poem of that period is included in his book, but has been revised past recognition. It is the first sonnet in his collection, and we quote it here quite at random and not as a specimen of his best work:

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

The tide sweeps in along the narrowing shore;
Drowned is the track where late I walked and mused;
Each wave, a captive giant freshly loosed,
Magnificently leaps as it would soar
To meet the blue heaven; but, long before
That height is reached, all shattered and confused,
It swerves and falls, its massy bulk diffused
In flakes of foam, with baffled dying roar.
So, when thy pulses throb with passion high,
Thou labourest, O my soul! with piled words
To touch the cloud-hid infinite of thought,
And failest; and thine ill-sustained cry
Trembles away in feeble, broken chords,
Wild dissonance of jangled notes distraught.

Mr. Tarelli fell for a time under the spell of the old French metres, and this made him the more fastidious in the matter of form. Then he amused himself for some time writing tales and essays, none of which, however, reached the public. Towards the end of 1895 he began the experiment of translating from Horace and Catullus in the original metres, and soon after Petrarch set him to writing sestinas. Following an impulse to work on a larger canvas with unrhymed verse he attempted the story of Persephone in hexameters. "I was, and am still," he says, "of opinion that there are great possibilities in English for the further development of unrhymed metres, and most of my work during the past year has been influenced by that opinion." "Persephone" was soon followed by "Magna Mater," by "Catullus," by the two or three poems in blank verse, and by the "Song of Arrival and Departure." Mr. Tarelli felt that now he had really accomplished some work that might deserve serious attention, and accordingly he put together the little book which we commend to all lovers of poetry.

More than two years ago—to be exact it was in *The Yellow Book* of January, 1896—we remember reading a story, somewhat hair-raising in effect, called "The Enchanted Stone," in which was related the "true account of the strange chance that brought the Enchanted Stone into my possession, and of the expedient by which I got rid of it." There was evidently more to tell—and the tale certainly piqued curiosity, for the author concluded by a-peradventure promise of future revelations concerning the stolen treasure of the Raja of Pepperthala. We learn that it was really one of the chapters of a novel which Mr. Lewis Hind had written some years ago, but Mr. Hind's desire to revise and rewrite his work before publication, retarded in great measure by his editorial duties on the *Academy*, has hindered its completion until quite recently. Mr. John Lane will in all probability publish *The Enchanted Stone* during the autumn.

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An illustrated edition of *The Choir Invisible* is being prepared and will be published in November by the Macmillan Company. The illustrations, of which there will be about a hundred, are being drawn by Mr. Orson Lowell. Mr. Lowell has been engaged on the work of illustration during the summer months and is very enthusiastic over the book. The cover design, which has also been drawn by Mr. Lowell, is one of the finest conceptions for a book cover that we have seen in a long time and will be a great attraction. The book will be printed from new plates.

The book upon which Mr. Rider Haggard is now engaged will, we understand, embody his experiences as a farmer on a portion of his own estate at Ditchingham. It will be entitled *The Farmer's Year*. Some portions of it will probably be published in *Longman's Magazine* prior to the publication of the whole in volume form. Meantime his new novel, *The Swallow*, continues its serial course in England, Australia, and in this country in *Munsey's*.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is making progress slowly with his new novel. A volume of his short stories—dissimilar in *locale* to that of his *Many Cargoes*—will precede the publication of the novel. A London manager has approached Mr. Jacobs with a view to persuade him to write a humorous play, but present engagements and other reasons have prevented him from attempting the experiment, perhaps not unwisely.

Mrs. Francis Blundell, known to the reading public as "M. E. Francis," whose recently published story, *The Duenna of a Genius*, is now in a second edition, won her audience some four or five years ago by her *North Country Village* and *The Story of Dan*. Both these books deal with the life of the Irish poor, as do many of her shorter tales, and are marked by unusual observation, sympathy and skill. Her maiden name was M. E. Sweetman, and she was born and brought up at Lamberton Park, Queens County, Ireland. She is a sister of Mrs. Egerton Castle who lately collaborated with her husband in *The Pride of Jennico*. It was in her Irish home that "M. E. Francis" began first to take note of the humour and pathos of that Irish peasant life which she has since delineated so sympathetically in many of her books. Although she had published one or two short stories in the magazines before her marriage, it was only after the death of her husband in 1887 that she began to devote herself seriously to literature. Her first story of any length was called *Molly's Fortunes*, and was published in the *Irish Monthly*. It was the editor of the *Monthly* who first discovered the young writer's talent and predicted her success. Her latest story, which is published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, is a musical romance allied in kind to *The First Violin* and *A Roman Singer*.

"M. E. FRANCIS."

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company announce a new volume of short stories by Henryk Sienkiewicz in their uniform library edition of his works which will make this edition the only complete set of his works in English. The volume consists of six hundred pages and is en-

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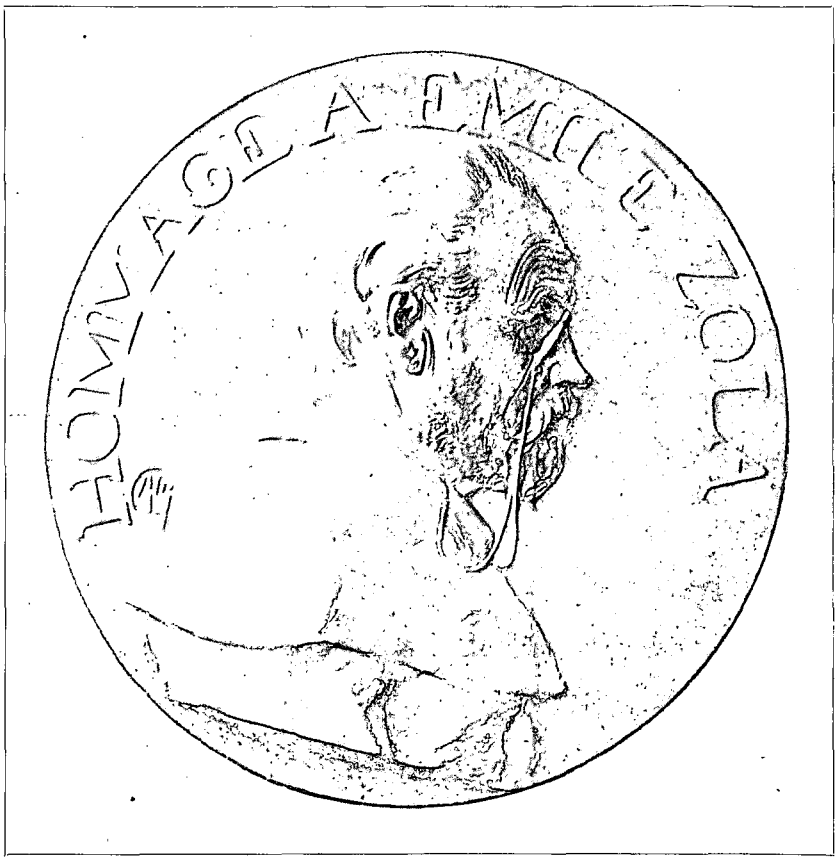

THE ZOLA MEDAL BY ALEXANDER CHARPENTIER.

titled *Sielanka, a Forest Picture and Other Stories.* The publishers report that *Quo Vadis* has reached a sale of more than six hundred thousand copies.

The same publishers have secured for the American market the memoirs of Alphonse Daudet by his son Léon Daudet, to which is added "My Brother and I; Recollections of Childhood and Youth," by Ernest Daudet, the late novelist's brother. The translation is by Charles de Kay, and the book will be published simultaneously in America and England by special arrangement with the Daudet family. The Memoirs will fall into the following divisions: I. Introduction. II. Last Moments. III. Life and Literature. IV. Father and Husband: The Dealer in Happiness. V. North and South. VI. The Familiar Example. Appendix: Imagination, Dialogue between my Father and Myself. This volume, with another containing Daudet's *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, will form the first issues in a new uniform edition of the French novelist's works. They will be translated without abridgment, and each volume will contain a frontispiece. The *Life* will contain a fine photogravure portrait of Daudet, executed by Goupil. The price will be $1.50 a volume.

The medal presented to Émile Zola in testimony of his courageous attitude in the Dreyfus trial is being exhibited in the sculpture section of the Exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux in Paris. *The International Studio*, from which we reproduce the two sides of the medal, speaks of it as a "little work of the highest class, displaying the well-known sculptor's abilities to perfection. The features of the great novelist have never been better reproduced. The face

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REVERSE OF THE ZOLA MEDAL.

is wonderfully expressive and full of truth and life."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley seems to be very much in evidence just now. There will be a poem by him called "The Sermon of the Rose" in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, and in the same number Mr. Bliss Carman, who is a friend of Mr. Riley, will contribute an appreciation of his work. The Homestead Edition of Mr. Riley's works in ten volumes, which the Messrs. Scribner have added to their fine subscription editions, will be brought to completion with a volume issued during the present month. There will be nothing new from Mr. Riley's pen this year, but he has in preparation a volume of child verse collected from his poems, which will be illustrated with Hoosier pictures by an artist named Vawter who is a native of Greenfield, Indiana, where Mr. Riley was born. Another book, a Riley Year-Book to be called *The Golden Year*, compiled by Clara E. Laughlin, will also be ready before Christmas, and both books will be published by the Bowen-Merrill Company. *The Golden Year*, the title of which was suggested by Tennyson's poem, will be published simultaneously in England by the Messrs. Longmans. Mr. Riley's poems lend themselves delightfully to this purpose, and the book ought to be popular with the Hoosier poet's numerous admirers. The report, by the way, which reached us a few months ago that James Whitcomb Riley, in collaboration with Paul Laurence Dunbar was engaged in writing a comic opera, is entirely without foundation.

Cyrano de Bergerac, the play which has suddenly made the name of M. Edmond Rostand famous in two continents, and which was commented upon in our Paris Letter a few months ago, will be presented in the American theatre by

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Richard Mansfield in New York on October 4, and very shortly in an English translation by Gertrude Hall through the Doubleday and McClure Company. Miss Hall will be remembered as a translator of Paul Verlaine's poems some two years ago. It is not likely that she will succeed any better than the two ladies who have attempted the impossible in Mr. William Heinemann's English edition recently published in London. A translation is of course inevitable; all the world is eager to read *Cyrano*, and M. Rostand's French is difficult. But the reader who goes to these translations for anything more than merely an excellent guide to enable him to wend his way through a somewhat puzzling and involved plot must be warned against their pseudo-literary value. They can never stand as an adequate representation of M. Rostand's work, and we notice that several English reviewers have expressed themselves in a cavilling and grumbling fashion after perusing the English version, which is very natural. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is a poem. It has power and passion as well as grace and subtlety; it is humorous, pathetic and inspiring. And in its whole texture and idea it is emphatically and characteristically French. In London we understand that the French version has had a phenomenal sale during M. Coquelin's appearance there at the Lyceum. Something like ten thousand copies are reported as having been sold in one French library alone. Notwithstanding M. Coquelin's success with *Cyrano* in London, Sir Henry Irving evidently has his doubts, for he has announced *Richard II.* for the opening of the season at the Lyceum instead, as was expected, M. Rostand's romantic play. Mr. Richard Mansfield, who recently returned from London where he watched the play studiously for a number of nights, has, however, with characteristic audacity and courage ventured on an American presentation, and we should not wonder if he succeeded where Sir Henry might fail.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter in one of his recent Literary Letters to the *Illustrated London News* regrets that a certain number of journalists in London—not perhaps of the most reputable character—are engaged in attacking Sir Henry Irving, and in attempting to eulogise some of his younger rivals at his expense. This sentiment, he observes, finds expression with downright brutality in two or three American journals. A whole page of the *Chicago Tribune*, for instance, was recently devoted to an attempted demonstration that Sir Henry Irving had left "luck" behind him, and great prominence was given to the statement that Miss Ellen Terry was about to break her long association with the Lyceum stage. "This oft contradicted fiction," he continues, "is repeated in a copy of the New York *Journal*, which has just reached me and in which a certain Alan Dale—whoever that individual may be—devotes a further page to an account of what he calls Sir Henry Irving's 'downfall.' The article is in the worst possible taste and contains no truth whatever." Sir Henry Irving is still, in the eyes of his countrymen, head and shoulders above all contemporary English-speaking actors and the greatest man of the modern stage. One may hold this or that view of his various impersonations, and we do not think that Sir Henry has always been well advised; but his greatness and pre-eminence are indisputable.

One of the most tragic accounts we have read since the war began is that related by Correspondent Edward Marshall, who was on the field with the Rough Riders at Las Guasimas at the opening of the Santiago campaign. It is not only tragic in its thrilling intensity of relation, its visual realism, and still, inevitable power of description, but in the fact that it is written by one to whom the word was passed, "His wound is mortal." It seems almost a miracle that he still lives. This marvellous bit of description will go on record as a human document of the war that seems now to be past and over. We have been permitted to see the advance sheets of the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*, which contains Marshall's story, and to reprint the following incident with which he closes his narrative.

There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual

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chorus of moans rose through the tree-branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated, with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock, with his lower leg-bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that is saying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Other voices took it up:

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride——

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the pluckiest, most heart-felt song that human beings ever sang.

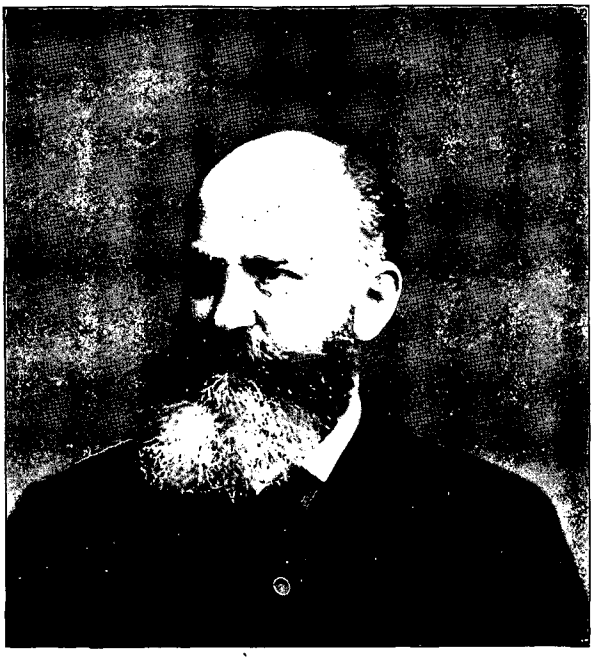
There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line,

Let Freedom ring.

Then, halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly,

Land—of—the—pilgrim's—pride,
Let Freedom——

The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.



GEORG EBERS.

Georg Ebers, the Egyptologist and novelist, died August 8, at the Villa Ebers, Tutzing, near Munich, Bavaria. Only a few weeks ago some friends of Ebers in New York received letters conveying the sad news that he was dying, and that he was so weakened by long illness that he looked forward to his release with longing. He had been a sufferer for several years, and two years ago he lost the use of his lower limbs, but up to the day of his death his brain was as active as ever. "If I had been able to go to Egypt in 1889," said Ebers recently, to a friend who had once been his pupil at Leipzig, "when ill health forced me to abandon my Leipzig professorship, that might have added a few years to my life. But I was too weak to reach the land of my early dreams and of my proudest achievements, and here I am dying by inches. But I am not complaining—have I not all my loved ones around me?" Georg Maurice Ebers was born in Berlin in 1837, and studied at the universities of Göttingen and Berlin, where he devoted himself chiefly to Egyptology. He visited the principal museums of Egyptian antiquities in Europe, and in 1865 established himself at Jena as a private tutor of the Egyptian language and antiquities. In 1870 he was called to Leipzig as professor of Egyptology, where he remained until compelled to resign through ill health in 1889. In 1872-73 he made a second journey to Egypt when he discovered the Papyrus E, which was subsequently named after him; also the important biographical inscription of the Amen em Neb. It was an attack of paralysis in 1876 which, permanently affecting his health, inclined him to the writing of the series of historical romances which have given him a world-wide popularity. His latest novel, *Arachne*, is reviewed on another page.

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MRS. LYNN LINTON

With the passing away of Mrs. Lynn Linton, another of those precious links is broken which bind the literary life of the present with that of the previous generation. Mrs. Linton was in her seventy-seventh year, and although she took her part up to the very last in literary gatherings, was as brilliant and incisive as ever in conversation, and deeply interested in all new scientific discoveries, all matters political and social and international, yet one never forgot when in her presence that the aroma of the past was around her too—the aroma of her own achievements and of her own friendships and experiences stretching far back to the very time fifty years ago when she left her quiet home to plunge into the activities of a London life. It was not her age which made one conscious of this long and full career, for she did not give one the impression of being old. It was that she was essentially a woman of letters and in the best sense of the word; of a type fast dying out and very sorely to be missed; flooded with the true literary feeling and instinct; not like so many of us young people nowadays, a mere writer of an occasional novel called forth by the soul's passing necessity to express itself—and publish.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

But it is not of the woman of letters that I am wishing to write this day; and elsewhere also can be found the epitome of her career and her successes: the history of her books, her essays, her controversies. But with the memory of that quiet form, lying so peacefully, like an old Viking at rest, I would fain speak of the dear kind friend with the big and generous heart, who stretched out her hand to give a young writer a warm greeting. And here I must be excused for bringing myself on the scene, since my only object in so doing is to accentuate a very sweet and lovely side of her character, which I learnt to know from personal experience. Mrs. Linton was my literary godmother. And Mr. William Blackwood was the other godparent. She always spoke of herself as such to me, and indeed my introduction to her by her relative Mrs. Thomas Hill proved, as it were, the turning-point of my life. It is more than ten years ago now since Mrs. Hill kindly took me down to Queen Anne's Mansions to see the first working author with whom I had ever come in contact. Mrs. Linton was not well, and she was lying down on her couch when we entered her room. She scanned me closely, and frightened me a good deal as she read into my heart and brain, and told me forthwith that almost everything I had done was a mistake; and indeed

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then and there she poured forth her well-known criticisms against the higher education of women and so forth. She was deeply interested, but at the same time deeply interested, but at the same time taken my London B.A. degree. Nevertheless, from the moment she first saw me, she never called me anything else but "little B.A." She also tried to impress on me that it was an immense mistake for a woman to enter on a literary career. She evidently disapproved of me theoretically from head to foot—for of course she recognised that I was a modern product—and I stood by her side and looked sad and grave. Then she glanced at me, and said in her singularly sweet and caressing voice: "And now, as usual, I've said too much. Come to me on Saturday, and bring some of your manuscripts." So I went on Saturday, armed with one or two little sketches which had appeared in magazines. I can see her now, reading them. Then she put them down, and bent over and kissed me. "Little B.A.," she said very tenderly, "you must go on writing, and there must be no half measures." When I left her that day I knew that we were to be friends and comrades to the end. I pressed forward with my work, and was always buoyed up by her kind and vigorous interest. She grieved for me over interruptions from ill-health, and rejoiced with me over accepted manuscripts and fresh possibilities. She sent innumerable letters—all love letters—like her letters to all those whom she loved—to brace me up to fresh strength and endeavour. Her loving congratulations over any success were the most delightful that any one could possibly receive or conceive. She was always most generous and broad in her appreciation of other people's work, and very humble about her own. And even when she did not especially admire, she was always ready to help and advise. I know she waded through endless manuscripts, often correcting most minutely. She spoke so little of what she did for others, that it is not generally known how kind she was and how healthy in her manner of helping. Her influence also was entirely a healthy and virile one. She had a horror of anything that approached weak morbidness and unwholesome introspection or self-centredness. But the least sign of vigorous pluck to contend with difficulties physical, mental, and moral, called forth her unmitigated admiration, respect, and support. She was, in fact, a Viking: I christened her with that name at the beginning of our friendship, and she was proud of the title. And it is only a few weeks ago since I saw her again after a lapse of two or three years, and she said: "I am still a Viking—and shall die one!" She seemed in the best of health and spirits, and had come up to London for a round of gaiety and pleasure. Only a few days afterwards she was stricken down with the illness to which she succumbed, and during which she was tended and helped as ever by her devoted daughter-by-adoption — Mrs. Beatrice Hertz-Hartley, whom she loved with every fibre of her being, and on whom she had set her very heart's seal.

Before closing this hurried account, I am anxious to record that I have always thought she cared more for a liberal education for women than she herself realised. Her own heart's inclination came out in divers unmistakable ways, but she had so saturated herself with her stereotyped opposition to the higher education of women and their ways, that her mind could not travel freely on that trail. It was quite useless to discuss or remonstrate. The only thing to do was to leave the whole thing, and with gentle reverence and remembrance to call to mind that she herself in the long days past, when pioneering was a much more invidious task than now, came to London to cast in her lot with the great working world, and show how a brave and gifted and self-respecting woman, even in those times, was able to win her way to the front, and yet keep all her dignity and fine womanly courtesy intact.

Beatrice Harraden.

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BISMARCK AS A PHRASE-MAKER

As I consider the title of this paper, suggested by my friends the editors, I can not help thinking with a little amusement how much Bismarck would have disliked the epithet here attached to him. No man felt a greater contempt for phrases and their makers. For the illustrious Von Gagern, the figure-head of the unpractical unity movement of 1848-50, who exasperated the Prussian deputy by addressing him in private conversation "as if I (Bismarck) were a mass-meeting," his victim could find no worse name than "phrase-sprinkler," or, as Mr. Lowe renders it, "phrase watering-pot"; nor could Bismarck, the prime minister, invent any more derisive description for the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, when in the early sixties it was giving him the greatest annoyance, than "House of Phrases." His dislike of Eugene Richter was based in part on Richter's *doctrinaire* politics; but it was due chiefly to the fact that this deputy was one of the most indefatigable orators in German public life. It was Richter, if my memory serves me rightly, whom Bismarck was answering when he spoke of "the dangerous gift of eloquence with which God has endowed the preceding speaker." When Bismarck was in a fair state of health he could deal with Richter lightly. "I have neither time nor strength," he once said,

> to follow the speech of Deputy Richter through all its arguments. I have shared with you very often the pleasure of listening to a sample of his eloquence; but in listening to him I have, after a while, precisely the same sensation as at a performance of *The Maid of Orleans*, where one is at first surprised by the endless triumphal procession, until, at the third march past, one remarks: "Good Lord! it is always the same people who are crossing the stage again in the same costumes!"

In his periods of illness and nervous exhaustion, Bismarck found Richter simply intolerable, and was wont to take refuge in an ante-room as often as Richter took the floor—a practice which called forth one of *Kladderadatsch's* cleverest cartoons. Bismarck and Richter were drawn as the moving figures in the meteorological toy familiar to all Germans—the little "weather house" with two doors, in which "fair weather" conceals himself as often as "storm" emerges. "Were I unable," said Bismarck, in 1882,

> to get on with a parliament, I should have had to leave my post long ago. With a parliament that had a majority of Richters, to be sure, I could not govern; with such a parliament nobody could govern.

Sixteen years earlier Bismarck had informed the Prussian Deputies, in the vein of Mark Antony and with scarcely greater veracity:

> I am no orator. I am not able, by juggling with words, to work upon your feelings and obscure facts. My speeech is simple and clear.

There are, however, many kinds of phrases, and the sort Bismarck had chiefly in mind when he denounced phrase-makers was the abstract sort. For generalisations Bismarck, like other men of action, had little use; "I sell theories," he said, "extraordinarily cheap;" and for those political abstractions that have become the counters of modern political reasoning, he had no respect whatever. "If you expect to frighten me with the word 'socialistic,'" he once remarked, "I can only say that I have long ceased to be afraid of bogies." Again:

> By "the people" every one means what suits his purpose—ordinarily a random collection of individuals whom he has succeeded in winning over to his own views.

And again:

> We are all of us "the people," and not solely the gentlemen who represent certain ancient claims and traditions termed "liberal." . . . I am one of the people. His Majesty the Emperor is one of the people.

"'Freedom,'" he said at another time,

> is really used to designate rule. By "freedom of speech" is meant the rule of speakers; by "freedom of the press" is meant the predominant and preponderant influence of newspaper editors. Indeed, gentlemen—and I am not speaking as a sectary—it happens that often "freedom of the Church" is taken as meaning the rule of the priests.

In one of his earliest speeches he declared that French "equality" was "the daughter of envy and covetousness"—

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an excellent illustration, by the way, of his adroitness in fighting a phrase with a phrase. At times it was his practice simply to turn a phrase or epithet, like a captured gun, upon its earlier possessors, leaving his hearers to judge whether he had not an equal right to use it: witness his "*Byzantinian* servility to the populace." Here, however, we are out of the class of phrases we are now considering—the abstract phrases. For these his dislike was so great that he was not willing that they should be used on his own side. Thus he objected to the term *Culturkampf*, declaring that in his struggle with the Roman hierarchy he was not fighting for "culture," but for the political interests of Prussia and of the Empire.

Words and things are so commonly confounded that it is perhaps needful to say that Bismarck's attitude toward such terms as "the people" and "culture"—or rather his attitude toward what he regarded as the abuse of these terms—implies no failure to appreciate the thing behind the word. It should also be noted that his love of the concrete and his dislike for the abstract were not at all equivalent to materialism and the rejection of ideals. It was Bismarck who, in one of his greatest speeches, alluded to "the imponderables that weigh heavier than all material weights."

In one of his letters from Frankfort, written in the fifties, Bismarck dealt with the contingency of a European coalition against Germany and endeavoured to forecast the probable conduct of the smaller German States.

> They will hardly feel called upon to sacrifice their existence to an idealistic loyalty to the German confederacy, but will at once consider themselves bound to secure above all things the maintenance in each country of its hereditary dynasty; and the several governments, in their paternal wisdom, will decide when the precise moment has come at which anxiety for the welfare of their subjects renders desertion to the enemy a painful but unavoidable duty.

This passage is notable because the phrases that here are made to ring so hollow were the Conservative shibboleths of the day. It is notable from another point of view, because it exhibits an intensity of scorn combined with a quietness of utterance which reminds one (and not for the first or only time in reading Bismarck) of the *sæva indignatio* of the great Irish dean.

Another class of phrases that Bismarck disliked was the grandiloquent. "I hate big words," he said; and he met them as he met abstractions, by inquiring what was behind them. When, in 1863, the English ambassador menaced Prussia with the wrath of Europe, Bismarck simply replied: "Who is Europe?"

It must be admitted, however, that he occasionally used big words himself. "An appeal to fear finds no echo in German hearts," and "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world," can hardly be put in any other class; and there are on record a few phrases about himself that sound rather "big" to English ears. "It is the same to me whether I die for my King on the pavement of the street or on the battlefield," he said in 1866; but this was just after his hand-to-hand struggle with the assassin Cohen, and not very long before Sadowa.

That outbursts of this sort were not really characteristic of the man is shown not only by their infrequency, but by the fact that in his speeches almost every sentence of this character is followed by another of the driest and most prosaic sort, as if he regretted the momentary lapse into grandiloquence and was anxious to efface, if possible, the memory of the offence. One often cited and seemingly egotistical phrase about himself is accompanied, in the full report, by a delicate bit of self-persiflage:

> In my political life, which through changing phases of European politics has been devoted always to the resolute representation of the interests of my King and my country, I have had the honor of making many enemies. Go from the Garonne—*to begin with Gascony*—to the Vistula, from the Belt to the Tiber; search at home along the courses of the Oder and the Rhine, and you will find, I am proud to assert, that at this moment I am the most and the best hated person in this country.

Bismarck's most characteristic and most successful phrases were direct and terse statements of fact or of opinion. They caught the public ear in part by their audacity, which in some cases amounted to impertinence; in part by their picturesqueness. They are remembered for their truth. Some of them have taken the rank of verified prophe-

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cies. Two of the most famous date from 1862: "Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities are the great questions of the time decided, but by iron and blood." "Austria should transfer its centre of gravity to Ofen."

A natural pendant to the second of these, which was addressed directly to the Austrian Count Karolyi, is the brief dialogue which occurred a few years earlier, between Bismarck and a French diplomat. *"Cette politique,"* said the Frenchman, *"va vous conduire à Jéna."* *"Pourquoi pas à Waterloo?"* Bismarck inquired. Since Olmütz Prussia had been so trodden down and crowed over, that these impertinences made every Prussian who had heard them breathe more freely. They produced the effect of a declaration of independence.

The phrase "iron and blood" is a good illustration of Bismarck's habit of saying things which others knew, but did not quite dare to say. An earlier example was his answer, in 1850, to the Grand Duke of Hesse, who complained that the Prussian ambassador, Canitz, had been asking "indiscreet questions." Bismarck responded: "As a rule, diplomats are paid to keep on asking questions until they get no more answers."

Of briefer phrases, "satisfied nations" is often attributed to Bismarck, but it was quoted from (and credited to) Metternich. *"Beati possidentes"* is doubtless older than Bismarck, but he made the phrase his own by the way in which he used it. "Conflict duties" or "fighting duties" (*Kampfzölle*) is Bismarck's, and it holds its own as a pregnant and convenient description of economic policy. Less known but equally pregnant was the term "fighting laws" (*Kampfgesetze*), which he applied to the Prussian laws directed against the Roman hierarchy. Less frequently quoted than one would expect is his remark that direct taxes rest upon the tax-payers "with a certain angular brutality."

Truth and vigour of concrete illustration contributed to the success of his statement (in 1876) that Germany's interests in Oriental affairs were not worth "the sound bones of a single Pomeranian musketeer."

Bismarck made frequent use of similes and metaphors. Of his similes, two things may be said. They fully carry out Yellowplush's advice to Bulwer-Lytton, that when you are making similes it is quite as well to make them *like*. And having found the comparison that was "like," Bismarck inquired as little as Homer or Lincoln whether it was dignified or in accordance with the canons of refined literary taste.

Some of the best of them date from Bismarck's activity in the old Diet at Frankfort. He put in two words the situation of the smaller States, maintaining an artificial independence under the protection of the greater, by saying that they were "under glass." The character of the Confederation and its probable end he indicated as follows: "With the Prussian horse hitched in front and the Austrian behind, the federal wagon must sooner or later go to pieces." Prussia, he steadily maintained, would fare much better after this catastrophe had occurred. "A war waged by Prussia for the Union," he wrote, "would strongly remind me of that Englishman who fought a sentry for the sake of hanging himself in the sentry-box." Were Austria to be attacked by Russia and France, Prussia, he insisted, should stand aloof; otherwise "we should probably be beaten and perhaps *uns singend verbluten pour les beaux yeux de l'Autriche et de la Diète.*" *"Uns singend verbluten"* is a phrase of which Heine might well have been proud.

During the Crimean War, Bismarck strongly supported the policy of Prussian neutrality, and when it was ended he was in favour of keeping aloof from the Congress of Paris. If Prussia went in, it was apparently necessary for her to accept a programme framed by Austria, France and England. In a confidential letter to Minister Manteuffel, Bismarck cited a French friend who had said that there was *"trop d'inconnu"* in the programme, and went on:

> While the authors of the programme are presumably in accord, among themselves, as to the meaning of this "unknown," it is certainly inadvisable to pay a visit to three suspicious characters in a dark house, with every turn and corner of which they are accurately acquainted.

Frederick William IV. was unduly anxious to participate in the Congress; and Austria, knowing this, was demanding pledges and concessions as the price

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of admission. Bismarck writes in the same private dispatch:

> The greater and the more impatient desire to figure in the conferences we allow to be discerned, *the higher the stick will be held that we must leap over to get in.* The cooler we show ourselves, the more surely I count on our being brought in with honour and freedom.

The undeveloped but perfectly indicated simile which I have italicised was better calculated than pages of grave protest to make the King see the indignity of the part he was playing. The letter was shown to the King, as Bismarck doubtless meant it should be.

In 1858, Bismarck pointed out that Austria's financial weakness increased her political influence. "The capitalists cleave to Austria as the physician cleaves to a paying patient."

In 1858, Bismarck's antagonism to Austria had become so marked that the Prince Regent felt it to be advisable to promote him out of Frankfort, and he was appointed Ambassador to Russia. The cause and the character of this transfer was summarised by Bismarck in a single word. He described himself as "*kaltgestellt*," that is "put on ice."

When he became premier of Prussia, he told the military committee of the Diet, in the "iron and blood" speech, that Prussia was undoubtedly carrying "armour too heavy for its slim body"—a phrase that, like Motley's allusion to "Prussia's wasp-waist," becomes intelligible after a single glance at a map of the period.

After the victory of Sadowa, Bismarck had "the thankless task of pouring water into the foaming wine," that is of inducing the King and the military party to give Austria easy terms for the sake of speedy peace. He had his troubles too with the first North German Parliament in 1867, when they were disposed to spend too much time in debating the provisions of the new constitution; and his famous phrase, "Put Germany in the saddle and you will find it can ride" (*Setzen wir Deutschland in den Sattel: es wird schon reiten können*), did much to bring the deputies into a more practical temper. When Baden, the only South German State in which, at the time, the German unity party was in the majority, asked, in 1867, for admission to the North German Confederation, Bismarck said: "If we skim off the cream, the milk will sour." It was in connection with the Congress of Berlin, after the Russian-Turkish war, that Bismarck said: "I conceive of Germany's part in mediating the peace as that of an honest broker, who really wishes to bring the trade to a conclusion." Less known, but quotable, is the phrase, "the clean linen of a civilised nation."

"The political relations between two great States," Bismarck said, in 1887,

> may be compared to the position of two travellers in a dark forest who do not know each other and neither of whom quite trusts the other. If the one puts his hand in his pocket, the other cocks his revolver, and the moment the first hears the click, he fires.

And again:

> Every country is held at some time to account for the windows broken by its press; the bill is presented, some day or other, in the shape of hostile sentiment in the other country.

Bismarck did not enjoy seeing statues of himself: "It disturbs me," he said, "to stand beside myself as a sort of fossil." When he left Berlin after his dismissal he received a great popular ovation. "The Berliners," he said, "gave me a first-class funeral." And later, in his retirement at Friedrichsruh, "Passions," he said, "are like the trout in my pond: one devours the other until but one fat old trout is left. In my case the passion for politics has in the course of time devoured all the rest."

Figures of speech, like other phrases, can be turned against their authors; and one phrase which Bismarck launched in Parliament has survived in a sense opposed to that which he tried to give it. In justifying the application of the income of the sequestrated Hanoverian crown property to secret police purposes, he said in 1869:

> I was not born to be a spy; the part is foreign to my whole nature; but I believe that we deserve your thanks if we subject ourselves to the task of following noxious reptiles into their holes to observe what they are doing.

This remark not only resulted in the Guelf property being commonly described as the reptile-fund, but it has made "reptile" a current term to describe, not a conspirator but a secret agent of the government.

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That Bismarck possessed both wit and humour has been shown, I think, by the sayings already cited. Some of his phrases, however, owe their popularity so entirely to one or the other of these qualities that they deserve separate notice. The best of them, it seems to me, is his reply to the German Prince who had received the offer of a crown in the Balkan peninsula, and who asked Bismarck whether he would advise its acceptance. "By all means," said the Chancellor, "it will be a delightful recollection," *(es wird Ihnen eine schöne Erinnerung sein)*. The popular instinct, which seldom errs in such things, has assigned the rôle of questioner in this anecdote to Alexander of Battenberg, some time Prince of Bulgaria, and has thus given to Bismarck's jest the value of a prophecy. The historian Sybel, however, has been unkind enough to tell us that the prince in question was Charles of Hohenzollern, who is still King of Roumania.

Less known but nearly as good is Bismarck's description of Napoleon III. in the days of his greatest prestige—*"Une grande incapacité méconnue."*

In 1858, when Baron Reitzenstein, the Prussian member of the Federal military commission, had been recalled from Frankfort, Bismarck wrote that the superior technical training possessed by this officer had really prejudiced Prussia's interests. It had driven the other members of the commission into opposition. He accordingly suggested that the Baron's successsor should "unite with the other requirements for his post . . the capacity of making *tolerant and conciliatory use of his superior knowledge*."

When Bismarck was dismissed and and General Caprivi appointed to succeed him, William II. made Bismarck a Field Marshal. "The Emperor," said Bismarck, "has arranged a *chassez-croisez:* he has made his best general Chancellor and his Chancellor a general." Bismarck was also created Duke of Lauenburg. "That," he said, "will be convenient if I wish to travel *incognito*."

Bismarck's humour was often grim. When, in 1871, the French plenipotentiaries protested against the contribution which he proposed to exact from Paris, "Paris," Bismarck replied, "is a great city; let us not show it any lack of respect." Slightly grim, again, was his defence of "the coupon-cutters" against a Socialistic attack. He pronounced them "an estimable class of citizens, and one that the government may well desire to see greatly increased in numbers, because they combine wealth with a certain timidity." In lighter vein was his explanation to Parliament touching his reasons for dissolving it in 1878, and ordering new elections. He had done this, he said, that the deputies might discuss the situation with their constituents "and return strengthened, like Antæus, by contact with their domestic earth." At another time, in pleading for a cessation of reforms and a season of recuperation, he said: "Let us leave our children a problem or two: they might find the world very tiresome if there were nothing left for them to do."

Bismarck's comparisons and illustrations were drawn more often from life than from his library, and comparatively few of his best phrases were suggested by books. In his writings, his speeches and his table-talk there is, however, an abundance of literary and historical allusions, and phrases of literary origin are not lacking. He drew occasionally on mythology, classical and German; and in his great speech of March 2, 1885, he gave to the Baldur myth a political interpretation that will long be remembered.

> "A peculiar prophetic foresight," he said, "lies in our old German myth. As often as it fares well with the Germans, as often as a German national springtime opens, our Loki is at hand, and always finds his Hödur —a dull half-witted fellow whom he adroitly instigates to kill the German people's spring. . . . Partisan dissension grows rampant; and if this partisan spirit appeals with its Loki-voice to Hödur, the elector, to strike his fatherland dead, then it is this Loki whom I arraign before God and before history."

There are in Bismarck's written and spoken words singularly few reminiscences of German literature, compared with the abundance of Shakespearian allusions. It seems at times as if Bismarck, like Lincoln, had learned much of his history in Shakespeare; and not his English history only, for in one passage in which he cites the story of Coriolanus (speech of Jan. 30, 1869), it is obviously the English play and not the Latin original that he has in mind.

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There are also, in his speeches, frequent reminiscences of Shakespearian phrases. "I believe," he said, "that I serve God in serving my King;" and he once censured "the sickly pallor of mistrust" of the government which he noted on the faces of the deputies. If this last illustration seems doubtful, compare the phrases in German: *"Von des Gedankens Blässe angekränkelt,"* and Bismarck's *"Kranke Blässe des Mistrauens."*

In literature as in life, Bismarck took whatever suited his purpose; and two of his best literary illustrations are drawn from German operas. In 1856, he wrote that Austria "will play Don Juan with all the cabinets if it can misuse so sturdy a Leporello as Prussia;" and in 1849 he made a striking comparison between the bargain which the German democracy wished to drive with Frederick William IV. and the pact between the devil and the huntsman in *Der Freischütz*. "It will not be long," he said, "before the Radicals come to the new Emperor with the Imperial arms and ask him: 'Do you think this Eagle was given you for nothing?'"

The remark made above, about Shakespeare and history, must not be taken too literally; for few Germans even have a knowledge of history so broad and at the same time so minute as was Bismarck's. Of this knowledge he made effective use in debate: but the list of Bismarckian phrases based on historic allusions is a short one. The only really famous one is the Canossa phrase: *"Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht."* Of this saying *Kladderadatsch* afterwards suggested a revised version: *"Nach Canossa gehen wir doch."* *"Catilinarische Existenzen,"* is still cited; and also the statement that the annual voting of the army-bill would turn the royal army into "a parliamentary army." Nor have Germans yet forgotten Bismarck's sharp reply to the Ultramontane deputy: "The Pope is not to me the successor of Peter in the sense indicated by Count Brühl. Peter was not infallible."

Bismarck's power of condensation gave to many of his phrases something of the turn of the proverb; and some of them have become or are becoming proverbs. Some of the sayings already quoted might be cited again here; but the following will suffice for illustration:

The world cannot be ruled from below.

A great State cannot be governed according to party views.

The majority has no heart.

A chamber is more easily mobilised than an army.

Any one who can make promises can get himself elected.

The more constitutional, the more expensive.

In negotiating with Austria, every concession is the mother of a new demand.

The German has a strong leaning towards discontent.

We cannot hasten the course of time by setting our watches forward.

You cannot ripen fruit by setting lamps under the tree.

The dread of responsibility is a disease of our time.

Munroe Smith.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who, with the rest of the Vailima family, is now spending the season at No. 34 Oxford Terrace, London, has just returned from a trip to Scotland, where she has been visiting Mr. Stevenson's Edinburgh friends and relatives. The interviewer was welcomed, but having been instructed to ignore everything relating to Samoan life and politics, had to suppress many interesting stories.

"We had a very pleasant time," said Mrs. Stevenson, "and enjoyed meeting the friends I have not seen for so long. We went especially to see Louis's favourite aunt, Miss Jane White Balfour, of whom we are all very fond. We were entertained chiefly by Dr. George Balfour, Mr. Stevenson's uncle, and at the reception given us there we met many relatives. We also saw Louis's old nurse, 'Cummy'—Miss Allison Cunningham—who told us a number of interesting stories of Louis's boyhood, and whose repetitions have given her considerable fame in her circle."

"And what are your plans for the winter?" was asked.

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"I expect to spend the winter in London," said Mrs. Stevenson, "and advise with Mr. Colvin regarding the *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, which he has well under way. One-third of the letters are to appear serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, next year, and they, with the *Life*, will be published as soon as possible in book form. The work of going over and editing these is a responsible one, and I preferred to be here where I could attend to it personally."

"To whom are the most of these letters written?" I asked her.

"To Edmund Gosse, W. E. Henley, Henry James, and William Archer," she replied, "besides those to Louis's father and mother. But perhaps the gayest of them all are directed to Mr. J. M. Barrie, of whom Louis was very fond, although they had never met. Their friendship was carried on entirely by correspondence, and so Louis's letters were, in a way, autobiographical."

"We all had more or less of a hand in the Barrie letters," said Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, Mrs. Strong, "and as I was his amanuensis, I often interpolated of my own accord in a rather jocose mood. You know Mr. Stevenson dictated all of his later books to me, and he once wrote Barrie that I 'had a growing conviction that I was the real author of his works.'"

"I hope there is not so much Samoan politics in this set as in the *Vailima Letters*," I suggested.

"No," said Mrs. Strong; "they are in an entirely different vein, and much lighter and merrier than the letters written to Mr. Colvin, and are replies to amusing and clever correspondents, showing a different side of Mr. Stevenson's character altogether."

"But have you no plans beyond this winter's work on the *Life*?" I asked Mrs. Stevenson.

"I shall return to America in time, I hope, and shall live in New York, or possibly in California, where I would like to build a house, for at present we have no real home. Vailima is to be sold, as soon as we have an acceptable offer, and I would like to call California my permanent home."

"Have you met many old friends here?"

"Yes," she answered; "with Mr. Colvin and Mr. Henley, Mr. Gosse and Mr. James are our oldest and best friends, and they have all been very kind to us. Mr. William Archer, too, is an old and dear friend, and I am sorry that I have not yet been able to see him. We met many naval officers at Samoa during the eight years we lived there, and many of these have called and discussed old times. Many of them have been promoted since we saw them last, including almost all of the officers of H. M. S. *Curaçoa*, with whom Mr. Stevenson was always great friends."

Mrs. Strong added, "We are quite as proud, though, of our own United States officers, for we are all Americans of the most patriotic sort!" (I looked around and saw portraits of Admiral Dewey, Lieut. Hobson, and Captain Wainwright, beneath the crossed American and Cuban flags.) "We are all wishing we had been in the United States to see the departure of the troops, and I am glad that I shall probably be there when the men return. The whole war has been so picturesque and full of surprises. We buy all the papers we can get, and keep up with all the manœuvres."

"I am looking forward to a trip to Skerryvore, the house at Bournemouth where Mr. Stevenson and I lived five years," said Mrs. Stevenson. "The place was given us by Mr. Stevenson, senior, and we named it for the celebrated lighthouse. I believe there has been a plate put on the house since Mr. Stevenson's death, and there are also the memorial tablets of two of our dogs with Latin inscriptions on the stones built into the house. I hope, too, to get to Oxford, where Mr. Stevenson's cousin 'Pelema,' Mr. Balfour, lives. He was adopted as 'our cousin' by the family, and lived with us at Vailima several years."

"What portrait of Mr. Stevenson do you think the best?" was asked.

"Mr. Stevenson was a very baffling subject for the artist," was the reply. "Some got one side of his character and some another, but too many of them saw him only when he was ill or worn out. It is painful to us to see these now, for in his later years at Samoa he was much stronger and quite robust, and we like to remember him as the gay Louis he was at Vailima. On the whole I like the Saint Gaudens medallion the best of all, and I am delighted to hear that Mr. Saint

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Gaudens has been chosen to do the Edinburgh memorial."

"And which of Stevenson's writings do you like the best?"

"I agree with him that *Weir of Hermiston*, though only a fragment, shows his best work," was the answer. "It is at least the best of the romances. For the short stories, personally I prefer 'Providence and the Guitar.' Did you know that it was a true story? Louis sent the money he obtained for it to the musician who was the hero of the tale."

"What have you written yourself?" I asked.

"Please don't ask me that!" she exclaimed.

"But you used to paint?"

"No! But Louis once tried. I have in San Francisco a picture he worked at with tremendous energy. It represented the arm of a chair with a matchbox on it, and it is the funniest thing you ever saw. He couldn't mix his oils, and finally had to use glazes and wash the paint on like water colour. Mrs. Strong, of course, has made innumerable sketches and caricatures at home and abroad."

"There are rumours of more Stevensoniana yet to come, besides the *Life* and the *Letters*," I suggested.

"Several outsiders have been writing their experiences with Louis," said Mr. Osbourne, "but though we deprecate these unauthorised and incomplete accounts, of course we can do nothing to prevent their publication. We can, however, legally forbid the publication of private letters, and shall do so. I have myself been working on a Reader of selections from Stevenson, and am preparing to issue an album of illustrations of the Romances. I brought up from Samoa the original wood blocks that were used in the little amateur pamphlets we printed at Davos Platz and Bournemouth, from which we are to reprint copies enough to pay for the 'bonus volume' of the Edinburgh edition." Mrs. Stevenson added: "I have decided to present these blocks, which Mr. Stevenson cut with his own hands, to the Boston public, where he was always warmly appreciated."

"And now for the last conventional question," I said; "how do you like London?"

Mrs. Stevenson looked at me, and I remembered the description of her glance in "An Object of Pity"—Lady Jersey's privately printed *pot-pourri* of Ouidaesque nonsense—"a glance as of one sighting a loaded pistol,"—and I escaped.

Gelett Burgess.

A MAD PHILOSOPHER

There are certain fundamental facts connected with the mystery of our existence, of which every human being is perfectly aware, yet which are, nevertheless, in our ordinary thought entirely devoid of actual significance. We know them; we have known them all our lives; we even think of them from time to time; but we do it in a most impersonal and casual sort of way, as though they had no vital and immediate concern for us. They do not affect our happiness from day to day. They do not alter our mode of life. To all intents and purposes they are utterly unreal.

Of all these facts, to take the tritest and at the same time the most terrible illustration, there is none so significant as the certainty of death. From early childhood every human being knows that sooner or later he is doomed to die, that a death sentence has been passed upon him at his birth, and that the execution of this sentence is possible at any moment of the day or night. He may be cut down in an instant when he is in the full vigour of life, when he is just beginning to enjoy the pleasures of existence to the full, when he has learned the whole secret of living, of how to extract from it the last delicious drop of pleasure, emotional, physical and intellectual, and when the world holds out to him the exquisite delights that come to one who has combined and blended the energy of youth with that discriminating knowledge which matured experience alone can give. Or

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he may live on and on to the greatest age that man has ever known; yet after all, this will be at the most a short reprieve, and it will enable him only to taste in advance the bitterness of death in life, to feel his powers fail, his brain grow dull, his senses blunted, the passionate joy of life decay, and to find himself tottering, a wrinkled, tremulous, and infinitely lonely dotard, down the dark slopes that lead to the inevitable end. Come when it will, in youth or age, Death always stands a ghastly figure at the door, pointing its spectral finger toward the yawning grave, and signifying just one thing to all of us—the shrouded coffin, the chill damp earth, the crawling worm, and the loathsome process of corruption.

This fact, as a fact, is fully understood by every living man and woman on this earth. We might suppose that the horror of it and the utter impossibility of an escape from it would turn the world into an abode of wailing; that human beings would go shuddering by with blanched faces and livid lips; that they would seek their beds at night with a feeling of infinite dread; and that morning would mean to them only the beginning of another day of endless apprehension. It would seem impossible for them to laugh and jest, to scheme for the future, and to give their hearts and souls to the petty pleasures of the moment without a thought of anything beyond. It would seem incredible that they should pass the spectre at the door a hundred times a day and never heed his menace, and that when they stand beside an open grave and hear the crunching of the coffin as it slides down to its resting-place, their thoughts should even then be wandering to other themes—to their business, their amusements, or their dinners. Once in a while, to be sure, as though the finger of some unseen spirit had been laid upon them, the whole reality does flash most fearfully upon their minds, and then for an instant they see life as it really is—a mockery, a threat, a charnel-house of horror and despair. Yet this is only for the moment. It comes to any one but seldom; and after it has passed, it leaves no trace behind on thought or conduct. And this is well; for were it otherwise, the human reason could not bear it, and the world would be a world of cowering imbeciles and raving maniacs.

There are certain other facts and certain other possibilities and conceptions which the mind of man has also recognised, yet of which the actuality rarely comes to us in all its overwhelming and stupendous meaning. To know the facts as mere expressions of accepted truth is very simple, but to know them so as to *feel* them, so that they will smite home upon the consciousness in all their dread sublimity, is seldom given to any man or woman. The thought involved is so vast, so overwhelming, so tremendous, that the mere intellect, strain though it may, can never grasp it, but stands pitifully helpless in its presence; and it is only when imagination throws a piercing ray of light upon the mind and stimulates it into almost superhuman prescience that for a moment or two we gain a glimpse of all the awful truth. Of these conceptions there are two whose mention may suffice to make my meaning clear—the conception of Eternity in time and of Infinity in space. We write and speak about them both. They are, as it were, linguistic symbols of two facts which we have universally accepted. The schoolmen chatter of them glibly; yet, perhaps it is not oftener than once in a whole lifetime that the awfulness of what they mean is ever flashed upon a single human mind. Eternity of being—to go on and on and on through billions and trillions of centuries and then through billions and trillions more, and to remember that even then the very smallest mite of time has not yet passed in comparison with what Eternity must really mean, that nothing can end, that there can be no stopping-place, that though one loathe the very thought of more existence, it must still go on through countless and unnumbered æons—this is a conception that staggers the very boldest intellect and makes the thought of immortality a thing of utter ghastliness. It is sublime, but it is so full of horror that its contemplation shakes the reason. Mere words can seldom make it real to us, and this is also true of any clear impression of Infinity. There is only one short passage in all the literature that I have ever read, which for the instant makes upon the mind even the most fleeting image of the true sig-

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nificance of what to men at most times is a word and nothing more. This passage is contained in Thomas Hardy's most remarkable story entitled *Two on a Tower;* and it is the passage in which the young astronomer, St. Cleeve, standing at night in his extemporised observatory, speaks of the interstellar spaces.

He tried to give her yet another idea of the size of the universe; never was there a more ardent endeavour to bring down the immeasurable to human comprehension! By figure of speech and apt comparisons he took her mind into leading-strings, compelling her to follow him into wildernesses of which she had never in her life even realised the existence.

"There is a size at which dignity begins," he exclaimed; "further on there is a size at which grandeur begins; further on there is a size at which solemnity begins; further on, a size at which awfulness begins; further on, a size at which ghastliness begins. That size faintly approaches the size of the stellar universe. So am I not right in saying that those minds who exert their imaginative powers to bury themselves in the depths of that universe merely strain their faculties to gain a new horror?

"And to add a new weirdness to what the sky possesses in its size and formlessness, there is involved the quality of decay. For all the wonder of these everlasting stars, eternal spheres, and what not, they are not everlasting, they are not eternal; they burn out like candles. You see that dying one in the body of the Greater Bear? Two centuries ago it was as bright as the others. The senses may become terrified by plunging among them as they are, but there is a pitifulness even in their glory. Imagine them all extinguished, and your mind feeling its way through a heaven of total darkness, occasionally striking against the black, invisible cinders of those stars. . . . ,"

The conception of Infinity and the conception of Eternity, portentous though they be, are in their nature, wholly simple and axiomatic. The objective understanding of them involves no complex reasoning, no delicate balancing of opposing theories, no subtle argument, no tense strain upon the logical faculties. That there should be, indeed, any absolute limitation of either Time or Space is utterly unthinkable. If, then, with all their simplicity it is quite beyond the ordinary intellect to grasp at will the full appreciation of their real meaning, what shall be said of other themes and other concepts which belong to speculative philosophy and which are by no means simple, but of which the very mention raises in the mind questions of infinite difficulty? Their scope is as great as that of those already mentioned, they have an importance that is sometimes almost fearful to consider, and every one of them is complicated with a problem; so that the intellect can neither grasp them in their entirety as single elemental concepts, but apart even from their vastness, finds itself at once plunged into a nebulous and chaotic mist of doctrine. The question of Reality as against Appearance, the question of the possibility of Objective Truth, the opposition of Being and Becoming, and, in the sphere of ethics, the problem of the existence of Evil, of the justification of Life, of the attainment of Selflessness—what must be the effect of these and a score of other complicated and insoluble problems upon a thoughtful mind that seriously attempts to master them in all their maddening tortuosity? The answer is not far to seek. A dry, unspiritual, barren, plodding sort of mind may deal with them as it might deal with the factors of a mathematical problem. The ideas involved are merely counters in a game. The reasoning finds its expression very largely in a sort of metaphysical logomachy, a juggling with words, the re-arrangement of a Chinese puzzle. Of the true significance of these themes, of the possibilities involved in them, a mind like this has no vital appreciation whatsoever, any more than it possesses a real insight into the horrors of Infinity and the ghastliness of Eternity, or any more than the common man possesses a realisation of the fact that he must surely die. But take a mind whose powers of reasoning are reinforced and quickened by a strong imagination—a sensitive mind that thrills responsively to every subtle influence, and one that not only sees and understands but feels—and then the very contemplation of such themes is full of danger; for it sees too clearly and it feels too keenly to be safe. It looks beyond the word-juggling and, peering fearfully into the awful verities that lie beyond, it suffers as a mind would suffer could it, for instance, realise at every moment the imminence of Death and the appalling significance of Eternity. Such, indeed, are the only minds that can pursue the study of philosophy with any adequate conception of its meaning; and yet for such this

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study, on any but its purely historical side, is an intellectual curse and a source of almost certain peril.

The truth of what has just been said can find no better, and surely no more melancholy illustration, than is afforded by the career of a thinker and writer who is still alive and whose works are at last appearing in an English version of which three volumes have been sent to me within the past twelve months.*

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, a tragic figure in the history of modern philosophy, was born in 1844, and pursued his higher studies at Bonn and Leipzig, where from 1864 to 1867, he attended lectures in classical philology—a subject which throughout his entire academic life remained ostensibly his especial *Fach*. In it, indeed, he won so much distinction that he was called in 1869 to a classical professorship at Basel, which he held for a period of ten years, retiring in 1879 upon a pension. Nietzsche was a man of remarkable natural gifts. A bold and vigorous intellect that never shrank from any problem, however difficult, a power of reasoning that pursued relentlessly every premise to its last results and accepted frankly every logical deduction, the creative imagination of a great artist, coupled with marvellous insight and acumen, this German scholar and thinker entered on his life's career with such advantages as are given to very few. Moreover, he was possessed of extraordinary literary gifts. His power of expression was remarkable. He had enriched and disciplined his mind by the study of the noblest writers of antiquity, and he worked out for himself a style that is unique in philosophical literature. Nervous, vivid, and picturesque, full of fire and a splendid vitality, it flashed and coruscated like a glowing flame, and it had a sort of dithyrambic movement that at times recalls the swing of the Pindaric odes whose imagery is almost equalled by his own.

With all these noble gifts of intellect and of expression, Nietzsche burst like a meteor into the upper realms of philosophic speculation and at once both startled and entranced all minds by the boldness of his thought and the magnificence of his diction. He had read widely in the literature of Greece, and had been especially attracted by the thought of Plato. He had, moreover, dipped into some of the Oriental philosophies—the Zoroastrian and the Buddhistic more especially—and his thought had become deeply tinged with their strange and subtle influence. Passing on to modern speculation he had found in it much to attract and stimulate, but it was the gloomy and impressive pessimism of Schopenhauer that appealed to him most strongly. Its fascination, indeed, for a time proved irresistible and he became an ardent advocate and strenuous disciple of that thinker. His earliest published work, while keeping to the field of classic philology, is an attempt to bring that science into close relations with the Schopenhauerian ideal. In *Der Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik* he gives an acute and searching interpretation of Greek tragedy from the standpoint of pessimistic thought, with continual reference also to the Wagnerian theory of music. Two years later he published his strikingly original essays entitled *Unzeitgemässen Betrachtungen*, and in his dedication frankly took his stand as a pessimist of the school of Schopenhauer, holding the justification of life to be impossible on an ethical basis, declaring that our willingness to live is quite irrational, pronouncing individuality and a longing for individual happiness to be an evil, and teaching the extinction of desire and a sympathetic altruism as the essence of all virtue. The saint, the philosopher, and the artist are three types of the virtuous man, for each has put aside his individual self—the saint by conquering the will and destroying the animal within him by asceticism, the philosopher by losing himself in the region of pure thought, and the artist by rising above his own personality in a striving after artistic perfection.

Thus, then, the starting-point of Nietzsche's philosophical pilgrimage is found in his attitude as a disciple, a willing follower of another. So boldly original a mind, however, could never rest contented with a subordination so complete, nor with a doctrine so essentially negative and tame. Asceticism, a

*The Works of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. Translated by Alexander Tille and others. Vol. VIII. Thus Spake Zarathustra. $2.50. Vol. X. A Genealogy of Morals. $2. Vol. XI. The Case of Wagner. $2. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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Buddhistic abnegation of self, a renunciation of the will—how could these things long appeal to a brilliant, daring, creative spirit such as his, instinct as it was with wilfulness, and animated with a passion for the positive? In fact, scarcely had his essays been given to the world when his critical mind began to analyse more freely the teachings of his master and to destroy them in the solvent acid of relentless logic. His next work, *Menschliches Allzumenschliches*, which appeared in 1878, contained some biting criticism of Schopenhauer's doctrine of the will. For, if the will be evil, this evil must be equally involved in the will to cease from willing. Moreover, asceticism, especially altruistic asceticism, is illogical. For altruism ceases to exist as soon as it has universally prevailed, inasmuch as self-sacrifice implies the existence of others who are willing to accept the sacrifice—that is to say, of others who are not altruistic but purely egoistic. Hence, "in order to exist, the highest morality must enforce the existence of immortality,"—a conclusion which Nietzsche justly views as self-contradictory and absurd.

Asceticism, self-abnegation, a colorless neutrality were, in fact, profoundly repugnant to Nietzsche's strong vitality of temperament. Hence, from having been at first the disciple of Schopenhauer and then his friendly critic, he very soon becomes an active and even virulent opponent of his former master. Through a mistaken identification of the modern Christian spirit with mediæval asceticism, he at the same time poses as the open enemy of Christianity. He had always been an atheist; yet, as we have seen, he had at one time held the saintly life to be desirable. Now, however, he makes a sweeping attack upon the whole teaching of the Church as he understands it, and ardently desires to be known as one who has abandoned God *(Wir Gottlosen)*. Christianity, he says, is absolutely negative. It fights against everything that gives a joy to life and instead of deifying and beautifying desire, it simply subjects it to castration. Its doctrine is a doctrine of extermination, and hence it attacks all life itself at the very root of its being. It does not see that all desires and all the joys of sense are in themselves not evil but profoundly good, and that a truer teaching would not destroy them but would rather spiritualise them.

> Chastity and sensuality are not necessarily opposed, for every true marriage is beyond any such antithesis. The spiritualisation of sensuousness is Love; and this is a magnificent triumph over Christianity.

It is obvious that as soon as Nietzsche began to justify the vital instinct he was bound to cast aside and to reject the entire pessimistic theory of Schopenhauer; for this theory regarded life itself as wholly evil, which would in turn imply that the philosophical attitude toward life must be wholly negative and that the philosophical ideal should be self-destruction and annihilation.

Against the logical results of such a doctrine, and against the teaching from which it is primarily derived, Nietzsche wages a vigorous polemic. Yet, none the less, he still remains a pessimist; only he constructs for himself a new pessimism which he styles a "Dionysiac pessimism," whose spirit is no longer a spirit of resignation and compassion but a spirit of fierce scorn and splendid defiance. This Dionysiac pessimism, like the other kind, equally rejects the notion that happiness is in itself an end to be pursued. It strives to make men superior alike to happiness and to suffering, and therefore in a way displays a certain kinship with the Stoic teaching.

Here enters his ideal of the *Uebermensch*. Man, he says, begins in the beast and will ultimately attain to a noble development which will make of him a hero, almost a god, one who is superior to everything external, one who can confront affliction with strength and sternness and pride and scorn, defying principalities and powers and attaining to a moral mastery of all things. At the present time, however, he is in an intermediate stage, a period of transition, and the human race to-day is so feeble, so cowardly, so base as to excite in illumined minds nothing but disgust. All its conventional morality, all its accepted teaching, all its moral distinctions, are erroneous and absurd; so that it is the duty of the philosopher to bring about, so far as in him lies, the reversal of all the beliefs that are now accepted. Hence, Nietzsche styles himself at last an "immoralist," and in his treatise *Zur Gene-*

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alogie der Moral (1887), he assails with tremendous energy the traditional ethics. All sense of obligation is stupid; to feel remorse of conscience is indecent. Morality and religion are of interest only to those who care to study the psychology of error. One must wholly cast aside these dangerous and foolish fictions and must get back once more to a primitive naturalness in which man is "a magnificent blond beast, roaming wantonly about in search of victory and prey." This is, to be sure, a step backward even according to Nietzsche's own preliminary theory; but he regards it as quite necessary in order to clear away the weakness, the sentimentalism, and the self-pity that have made the modern world decadent and degenerate. It is a step, he thinks, toward the realisation of a new ideal in which each man shall be a warrior, a creator and a scorner.

Nietzsche professes to find in such an ethical ideal everything that makes for intellectual and physical joy. He thinks of the whole world, the whole universe, in fact, as "a dancing-floor for divine chances, a table of the gods, for godlike dice and dicers." Blind fate he calls his love. The sum and substance of it all is this: That nothing matters, and that when one has finally attained to such an attitude as this, he becomes inspired with an almost delirious joy. In his curious volume entitled *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (*Aiso Sprach Zarathustra*)—a strange medley of irony and of rhapsody—he bursts forth into a sort of dithyramb in his so-called "Song of Yea and Amen:"

> O, heaven above me, pure and deep, thou abyss of light! Gazing at thee I shudder with divine desires. . . . We speak not one to another, because we know too much; in silence we smile our knowledge one to another. Together we learned everything; together we learned to rise above ourselves to ourselves and cloudlessly to smile. . . . I have become one who blesses and one who says yea: I struggled long till I attained this end, and was a wrestler that I might one day get my hands free to bless. And my blessing is this: to stand over everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell, and eternal security. Blessed is he who thus blesses.

Nietzsche had now ranged over the whole field of ethical speculation, darting, as it were, his mind into every nook and corner of morbid thought, and dragging to light stray bits of almost every kind of doctrine. Pessimism, optimism, scepticism, individualism—all are laid under contribution. He seeks a physiological basis for his later views and sets up a purely biological ideal. Yet he well perceived that do what he would, and strain his powers as he would, he was everywhere hemmed in by countless contradictions. He teaches pessimism, yet tries to make it a source of joy. He lays down his propositions in a spirit of intense dogmatism, yet he denies the possibility of any objective standard of knowledge whatsoever. He holds that it is absurd to require any individual to change his character or his nature, since these are but the work of fate and cannot possibly be altered, and he professes to admire the "delightful wealth of types and luxuriant prodigality of forms" which human life displays; yet almost all these types and forms he attacks with almost frantic violence.

In a word, Nietzsche was paying the penalty which is inexorably exacted from every mind that strives to know the thing which for us with our poor human limitations must always be unknowable. His insistent reason beat furiously against the bars that hemmed it in, and it recoiled with an impotent sense of failure, bruised and beaten and exhausted. Strange morbid thoughts began to fill his mind. There came to him at last a dreadful fancy which he styles "the doctrine of eternal recurrence," a belief that the life of every man is to be repeated over and over in all its most minute details throughout eternity. This he has expressed with a weird and almost frightful intensity of feeling in his work *Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft.*

> How were it if, some day or night, a demon stole after thee into thy most solitary solitude, and said to thee: "This life, as thou livest it now, and hast lived it, thou shalt have to live over again, and not once but innumerable times; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every pleasure, and every thought and sigh, and everything in all thy life, the great and the unspeakable petty alike, must come again to thee, and all in the same series and succession; this spider, too, and this moonlight betwixt the trees, and this moment likewise and I myself. The eternal sand-glass of time is always turned again, and thou with it, thou atom of dust."

To Nietzsche the fascination of this strangely morbid thought was equalled

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only by its horror. He fought against it for many a day and sleepless night, with an agonised desire to escape its confirmation. When he first spoke of it, he did so in a whisper while his frame shook with spasms of nervous fear. He brooded over it and shuddered at its terror, and though he tried at last to meet it as his own *Uebermensch* might have met it, we cannot doubt that to the last its awfulness hung over his imagination like a gloomy pall. It was, indeed, quite symptomatic of a mental disorder that was growing on him every year and that was directly due to the strain which he had put upon his intellect. As early as 1879, he had begun to be so tortured by insomnia that he became unfitted for his academic functions, and was forced to resign his professorial chair. Yet he still went on with his wild speculations, goaded, as it were, by some evil spirit that blasted in him every possibility of rest and peace. His state of mind became more obvious from day to day and his writings teemed at last with passages that were little more than raving. Finally, in 1889, the inevitable end was reached. That fine intellect, that bold imagination, that splendid and defiant genius were hopelessly and forever wrecked and shattered, and Nietzsche was pronounced incurably insane. He lives to-day at Naumburg under the care of faithful friends, retaining but the shadow of his former mind, while in his gibbering he makes plain the fact that of all his early traits his vanity alone survives; for he still believes himself to be the apostle of a mighty world-philosophy that is to revolutionise and recreate the future of mankind.

The simplest and most obvious lesson to be drawn from Nietzsche's life is that which has already been expressed—the danger that exists for minds like his in their attempt to scale the heavens of speculative thought and penetrate the mysteries that none can ever know. Near-sighted souls that do not see the vastness and the terrible significance of what they ask to learn may muddle on and experience no ill. The German pedant in his musty den may fashion philosophic formulæ forever, dividing and sub-dividing and sub-subdividing to his heart's content. He crawls on earth and never knows the thrill that comes to the imaginative soul. Hard-headed Scotchmen, such as Hume and Hamilton may go on splitting metaphysical hairs unharmed. But to those nobler spirits of whom Nietzsche is a type, no good can come from such pursuits. The awful problems must remain unsolved, and the most strenuous efforts of the mind will only in the end demonstrate once again the bankruptcy of reason.

But there is a greater and more comprehensive lesson also to be learned. Not the peril only, but the futility, of these studies may be seen in the history of Nietzsche's failure. His mind, innately powerful, and disciplined and enriched by every form of training, laboured with incessant ardour after a new truth. He thought and reasoned and exhausted ingenuity for some original explanation of the moral problem; he racked his brain and tortured his imagination and scourged his fevered faculties to mad exertion in the quest. Yet did he add one atom to the discoveries of those who went before? The contrary is true; for after he had reasoned and argued and thought and written until he had reached at last a definite result, he had not gone one single step beyond his predecessors. An able English scholar has lately pointed out with perfect truth,* that the supreme expression of Nietzsche's philosophic creed is nothing but an echo of the Greeks; that his ethical teaching is only that of Callicles as set forth by Plato in the *Gorgias*, and that his whole theory of knowledge is almost verbally to be identified with the notions of Protagoras as combated in the *Theætetus*. There is something in all this that is most terribly pathetic—this wrecking of a splendid intellect for the sake of painfully establishing as something new a thesis that was first laid down two thousand years ago. Yet this is just as true of all those modern thinkers who are treading in the path that was worn smooth by other feet before our civilisation had been born. For there is really nothing new in modern thought. It has only sublimated and refined and enlarged and expanded what was handed down to it from a remote antiquity, while its essential teachings are older than the

*See the *Contemporary Review* for May, 1898.

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hills. The materialist of to-day has, in his main conclusions, not gone a step beyond Lucretius and Democritus. The sceptic merely echoes what was said as forcibly by Pyrrho and the Eleatic Zeno. The pessimist is parroting the arguments of Hegesippus. The germ of every modern speculative system is discernible in Plato and his mighty pupil. The mind of man, in fact, exhausted all the possibilities of philosophic thought some twenty centuries ago, and since then human ingenuity has formulated nothing new. Everything has been thought, everything has been written; and it is all *Mayâ*—beginning nowhere and ending in a fog.

Unthinking persons sometimes speak of mere "blind faith." But in the sphere of things like these, it is rather Reason, unguided and uncontrolled, that is really smitten with eternal blindness; that gropes and stumbles, and that after toiling painfully over many a weary path, finds itself fainting and exhausted at the very place from which it started; while Faith alone, whose undimmed eyes have been divinely opened, sees clearly down the endless vista of eternity. Reason falters, but Faith is sure. Reason becomes at last impoverished, but Faith grows richer with the lapse of time. Reason sickens and falls fainting by the way; but Faith goes on serenely to the end.

There is need of Faith to-day in philosophy and in religion, two spheres which in the highest sense are one; for in the end it is Faith alone that satisfies the needs of every human soul. It is here that we can find the secret of the wonderful power of Catholicism—that it has learned and thoroughly assimilated this great fundamental truth which Protestantism seems unable to acquire. There come to us the warring of unnumbered sects and controversial clamour without end between those, on the one hand, who would make religious truth turn on the pointing of a Hebrew text in some ink-smeared palimpsest; and those who, on the other hand, imagine that salvation is to be secured by setting up sporadic soup-kitchens and by stocking missionary homes with parti-coloured pen-wipers.

But he who wanders in the darkness of uncertainty and who has found in reason but a treacherous guide, needs something higher, deeper, richer and more spiritual far than this. Struggling onward through the storm and night, repelled and driven further by the cold, chill formalism that looks out on him superciliously from its grated windows, he plunges with a growing terror into a still deeper darkness; following perhaps the fitful lead of Atheism that with ghastly grin beckons him onward when he shrinks back shuddering at the chasm's brink where yawn abysmal deeps of infinite despair; until at last, beyond the beating of the storm and the gloom of an unfathomable darkness, he sees the House of Faith, serenely radiant with light, filled with the sound of melodious music, and opening wide its gates to shelter and defend, and to diffuse through all the depths of his poor shaken soul the peace, the comfort, and the divinely perfect beauty of an endless benediction.

Harry Thurston Peck.

AN INQUIRY AS TO RHYME

"I have a theory about double rhymes for which I shall be attacked by the critics, but which I could justify perhaps on high authority, or, at least, analogy," wrote Mrs. Browning to a friend not long after the publication of one of her books. "These volumes of mine have more double rhymes than any two books of English poems that ever to my knowledge were printed; I mean of English poems, not comic. Now of double rhymes in use, which are perfect rhymes, you are aware how few there are, and yet you are also aware of what are admirable in effect in making a rhythm various and vigorous double rhyming is in English poetry. Therefore I have used a certain license; and after much thoughtful study of the Elizabethan writers have ventured it with the public. And do you tell me—you who object to the use of a different vowel in a double rhyme—why you

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rhyme (as every body does, without blame from everybody) *given* to *heaven*, when you object to my rhyming *remember* to *chamber?* The analogy is all on my side, and I believe that the spirit of the English language is also."

Here Mrs. Browning raises a question of interest to all who have paid any attention to the technique of verse. No doubt, double rhymes do give vigour and variety to a poem, although no modern English lyrist has really rivalled the magnificent mediæval *Dies Irae*, wherein the double rhymes thrice repeated fall one after the other like the beating of mighty trip-hammers. There is no doubt also that the English language is not so fertile in double rhymes as the Latin, the German, or the Italian; and that some of the English poets, clutching for these various and vigorous effects, have refused to abide by the strict letter of the law, and have claimed the license of modifying the emphatic vowel from one line to its mate. Mrs. Browning defends this revolt, and finds it easy to retort to her correspondent that he himself has ventured to link *heaven* and *given*. Many another poet has coupled these unwilling words; and not a few have also married *river* and *ever*, *meadow* and *shadow*, *spirit* and *inherit*.

Mrs. Browning is prepared to justify herself by authority or at least by analogy; and yet, in bringing about the espousal of *chamber* and *remember*, she is evidently aware that it is no love-match she is aiding and abetting, but at best a marriage of convenience. She pleads precedence to excuse her infraction of a statute the general validity of which she apparently admits. The most that she claims is that the tying together of *chamber* and *remember* is permissible. She seems to say that these ill-mated pairs are, of course, not the best possible rhymes, but that, since double rhymes are scarce in English, the lyrist may, now and then, avail himself of the second best. An American poet of my acquaintance is bolder than the British poetess; he has the full courage of his convictions. He assures me that he takes pleasure in the tying together of incompatible words like *river* and *ever*, *meadow* and *shadow*, finding in these arbitrary matings a capricious and agreeable relief from the monotony of more regular rhyming. To me this is as though he did not object to the bonds of matrimony, but appreciated also the occasional advantages of free love.

This forces us to consider the basis upon which any theory of "allowable" rhymes must rest—any theory, that is, which, after admitting that certain rhymes are exact and absolutely adequate, asserts also that certain other combinations of terminal words, although they do not rhyme completely and to the satisfaction of all, are still tolerable. This theory accepts certain rhymes as good, and it claims in addition certain others as "good enough." Upon these latter a stigma may rest, it is true, but not quite justly, since their union is not really illegitimate; although they cannot show any wedding certificate, their friends like to believe that they may have been morganatically married once upon a time.

The objection to the pairing of *spirit* and *inherit*, of *remember* and *chamber*, and the like, cannot be founded upon the fact that in the accepted orthography of the English language the spelling of the terminations differs. Rhyme has to do with pronunciation and not with orthography; rhyme is a match between sounds. The symbols that represent these sounds—or that may misrepresent them more or less violently—are of little consequence. What is absurdly called a "rhyme to the eye" is a flagrant impossibility, or else *though* may pair off with *enough*, *clean* with *ocean*, and *plague* with *ague*. The eye is not the judge of sound, any more than the nose is the judge of colour. *Height* is not a rhyme to *eight*; but it is a rhyme to *sight*, to *bite*, to *proselyte*, and to *indict*. So *one* does not rhyme with either *gone* or *tone;* but it does with *son* and with *bun*. *Tomb* and *comb* and *rhomb* and *bomb* are not rhymes; but *tomb* and *doom*, and *spume* and *rheum* are. The objection to the linking together of *meadow* and *shadow*, and of *ever* and *river* is far deeper than any superficial difference of spelling; it is rooted in the difference of the sounds themselves. In spite of the invention of printing, or even of writing itself, the final appeal of poetry is still to the ear and not to the eye.

Probably the first utterances of man were rhythmic, and certainly poetry had advanced far toward perfection long be-

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fore the alphabet was devised as an occasional substitute for speech. In the beginning the poet had to charm the ears of those whom he sought to move, since there was then no way by which he could reach the eye also. To the rhapsodists verse was an oral art solely, as it is always for the dramatists, whose speeches must fall trippingly from the tongue, or fail of their effect. The work of the lyrist—writer of odes, minnesinger, troubadour, ballad-minstrel—has always been intended to be said or sung; that it should be read is an after-thought only. Even to-day, when the printing-press has us all under its wheels, it is by our tongues that we possess ourselves of the poetry we truly relish. A poem is not really ours till we know it by heart, and can say it to ourselves, or at least until we have read it aloud, and until we can quote it freely. If a poem has actually taken hold on our souls, it rings in our ears, even if we happen to be visualisers also, and can call up at will the printed page whereon it is preserved.

This fact, that poetry is primarily meant to be spoken aloud rather than read silently, although obvious when plainly stated, has not been firmly grasped by many of those who have considered the technique of the art, and therefore there is often obscurity in the current discussions of rhyme and rhythm. In the rhetoric of verse there is to-day not a little of the confusion which existed in the rhetoric of prose before Herbert Spencer put forth his illuminating and stimulating essay on the "Philosophy of Style." Even in that paper he suggested that the Principle of Economy of effort was as applicable to verse as to prose; and he remarked that "were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme, and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same general cause."

This Principle of Economy of Attention explains why it is that any style of speaking or writing is more effective than another, by reminding us that we have, at any given moment, only just so much power of attention, and that, therefore, however much of this power has to be employed on the form of any message must be subtracted from the total power, leaving just so much less attention available for the apprehension of the message itself. To convey a thought from one mind to another, we must use words the reception of which demands more or less mental force, and therefore that statement is best which carries the thought with the least verbal friction. Some friction there must be always; but the less there is, the more power of attention the recipient has left to master the transmitted thought.

It is greatly to be regretted that Spencer did not spare the space to apply to verse this principle, which has been so helpful in the analysis of prose. He did go so far as to suggest that metrical language is more effective than prose, because when "we habitually pre-adjust our preceptions to the measured movement of verse" it is "probable that by so doing we economise attention." This suggestion has been elaborated by one of his disciples, Mr. Grant Allen, in his treatise on *Physiological Esthetics*, and it has been formally controverted by the late Mr. Gurney, in his essay on the "Power of Sound." Perhaps both Spencer and Gurney are right; part of our pleasure in rhythm is due to the fact that "the mind may economise its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable," as the former says, and part of it is "of an entirely positive kind, acting directly on the sense," as the latter maintains.

Whether or not Spencer's Principle of Economy of Attention adequately explains our delight in rhythm, there is no doubt that it can easily be utilised to construct a theory of rhyme. Indeed, it is the one principle which provides a satisfactory solution to the problem propounded by Mrs. Browning. No one can deny that more or less of our enjoyment of rhymed verse is due to the skill with which the poet satisfies with the second rhyme the expectation he has aroused with the first. When he ends a line with *gray*, or *grow*, or *grand*, we do not know which of the two score or more of possible rhymes to each of these the lyrist will select, and we await his choice with happy anticipation. If he should balk us of our pleasure, if he should omit the rhyme we had confidently counted upon, we are rudely awakened from our dream of delight, and we ask ourselves abruptly what has happened. It is as

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though the train of thought had run off the track. Spencer notes how we are put out by halting versification; "much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock, so too does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable."

So, too, does an inaccurate or an arbitrary rhyme. If verse is something to be said or sung, if its appeal is to the ear primarily, if rhyme is a terminal identity of sound, then any theory of "allowable" rhymes is impossible, since an "allowable" rhyme is necessarily inexact, and thus may tend to withdraw attention from the matter of the poem to its manner. No doubt there are readers who do not notice the incompatibility of these matings, and there are others who notice yet do not care; but the more accurately trained the ear is, the more likely these alliances are to annoy, and the less exact the rhyme the more likely the ear is to discover the discrepancy. The only safety for the rhymester who wishes to be void of all offence is to risk no union of sounds against whose marriage anybody knows any just cause of impediment. Perhaps a wedding within the prohibited degrees may be allowed to pass without protest now and again, but sooner or later somebody will surely forbid the banns.

Just as a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable gives us a shock, so does the attempt of Mrs. Browning to pair off *remember* and *chamber*; so may also the attempt of Mrs. Browning's correspondent to mate *heaven* and *given*, and of Tennyson to unite *river* and *for ever*, and of Poe to link together *valleys* and *palace*. The lapse from the perfect ideal may be but a trifle, but a lapse it is nevertheless. A certain percentage of our available attention may thus be wasted, and worse than wasted; it may be called away from the poem itself, and absorbed suddenly by the mere versification. For a brief moment we may be forced to consider a defect of form, when we ought to have our minds absolutely free to receive the poet's meaning. Whenever a poet cheats us of our expectancy of perfect rhyme, he forces us to pay exorbitant freight charges on the gift he has presented to us.

It is to be noted, however, that as rhyme is a matching of sounds, certain pairs of words whose union is not beyond reproach can hardly be rejected without pedantry, since the ordinary pronunciation of cultivated men takes no account of the slight differences of sound audible if the words are uttered with absolute precision. Thus Tennyson in the "Revenge" rhymes *Devon* and *Heaven;* and thus Lowell in the *Fable for Critics* rhymes *irresistible* and *unwistable*. In *Elsie Venner* Dr. Holmes held up to derision "the inevitable rhyme of Cockney and Yankee beginners, *morn* and *dawn;*" but, at the risk of revealing myself as a Yankee of New York, I must confess that any pronunciation of this pair of words seems to me stilted that does not make them quite impeccable as a rhyme.

It is in the *Adventures of Philip* that Thackeray records his hero's disapproval of a poet who makes *fire* rhyme with *Marire*. Even if the rhyme is made accurate to the ear, it is only by convicting the lyrist of carelessness of speech—not to call it vulgarity of pronunciation. But Dr. Holmes himself, sharp as he was upon those who rhymed *dawn* and *morn*, was none the less guilty of a peccadillo quite as reprehensible—*Elizas* and *advertisers*. Whittier ventured to chain *Eva* not only with *leave her* and *receive her*, which suggest a slovenly utterance, but also with *give her*, *river*, and *never*, which are all of them wrenched from their true sounds to force them unto a vain and empty semblance of a rhyme. A kindred Cockney recklessness can be found in one of Mrs. Browning's misguided modernisations of Chaucer:

Now grant my ship some smooth haven win her,
I follow Statius first, and then Corinna.

In each of these cases the poet takes out a wedding license for his couplet, only at the cost of compelling the reader to miscall the names of these ladies, and to address them as *Marire*, *Elizer*, *Ever*, and *Corinner*; and though the rhymes themselves are thus placed beyond reproach, the poet is revealed as regardless of all delicacy and precision of speech. Surely such a vulgarity of pronunciation is as disenchanting as any vulgarity in grammar.

Far less offensive than this wilful slovenliness, and yet akin to it, is the trick of forcing an emphasis upon a final syllable which is naturally short, in order

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that it may be made to rhyme with a syllable which is naturally long. For example, in this exquisite lyric of Lovelace's, "To Althea from Prison," in the second quatrain of the second stanza we find that we must prolong the final syllable of the final word:

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

Here the rhyme evades us unless we read the last word *libertee*. But what then are we to do with the same word in the second quatrain of the first stanza? To get his rhyme here, the poet insists on our reading the last word *libertie*:

When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

Lovelace thus forces us not only to give an arbitrary pronunciation to the final word of his refrain, but also to vary this arbitrary pronunciation from stanza to stanza, awkwardly arresting our attention to no purpose, when we ought to be yielding ourselves absolutely to the charm of his most charming poem. Many another instance of this defect in craftsmanship can be discovered in the English poets, one of them in a lyric by that master of metrics, Poe, who opens the "Haunted Palace" with a quatrain in which *tenanted* is made to mate with *head*:

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenan*ted*,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its *head*.

In the one poem of Walt Whitman's in which he seemed almost willing to submit to the bonds of rhyme and metre, and which—perhaps for that reason partly—is the lyric of his now best known and best beloved, "O Captain, My Captain," certain of the rhymes are possible only by putting an impossible stress upon the final syllables of both words of the pair:—

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all *exulting*,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and *daring*.

And again:

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores *a-crowding;*
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces *turning*.

In all these cases—Lovelace's, Poe's, Whitman's—we find that the Principle of Economy of Attention has been violated, with a resulting shock which diminishes somewhat our pleasure in the poems, delightful as they are, each in its several way. We have been called to bestow a momentary consideration on the mechanism of the poem, when we should have preferred to reserve all our power to receive the beauty of its spirit.

It may be doubted whether any pronunciation, however violently dislocated, can justify Whittier's joining of *bruisëd* and *crusade* in his "To England," or Browning's conjunction of *windows* and *Hindoos* in his "Youth and Art." In "Cristina" Browning tries to combine *moments* and *endowments;* in his "Another Way of Love" he conjoins *spider* and *consider;* and in his "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" he binds together *horse-hairs* and *Corsair's*. Perhaps one reason why Browning has made his way so slowly with the broad public—whom every poet must conquer at last, or in the end confess defeat—is that his rhymes are sometimes violent and awkward, and sometimes complicated and arbitrary. The poet has revelled in his own ingenuity in compounding them, and so he flourishes them in the face of the reader. The Principle of Economy of Attention demands that in serious verse the rhyme must be not only so accurate as to escape remark, but also wholly unstrained. It must seem natural, necessary, obvious, even inevitable, or else our minds are wrested from a rapt contemplation of the theme to a disillusioning consideration of the sounds by which it is bodied forth.

"Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read," said Coleridge, "bears about the same relation to metre, properly understood, that dumb-bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think." A master of metre Browning proved himself again and again, very inventive in the new rhythms he introduced, and almost unfailingly felicitous; and yet there are poems of his in which the rhymes impose on the reader a steady muscular exercise. In "The Glove," for example, there not only abound manufactured rhymes, each of which in turn arrests the attention, and each of which demands a most conscientious articulation before the ear

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can apprehend it; but with a persistent perversity the poet puts the abnormal combination first, and puts last the normal word with which it is to be united in wedlock. Thus *aghast I'm* precedes *pastime*, and *well swear* comes before *elsewhere*. This is like presenting us with the answer before propounding the riddle.

In comic verse, of course, difficulty gaily vanquished may be a part of the joke, and an adroit and unexpected rhyme may be a witticism in itself. But in the *Ingoldsby Legends* and in the *Fable for Critics* it is generally the common word that comes before the uncommon combination the alert rhymester devises to accompany it. When a line of Barham's ends with *Mephistopheles* we wonder how he is going to solve the difficulty, and our expectation is swiftly gratified with *coffee lees*; and when Lowell informs us that Poe

> . . . talks like a book of iambs and *pentameters*,

we bristle our ears while he adds:

> In a way to make people of common sense *damn metres*.

But "The Glove" is not comic in intent; the core of it is tragic, and the shell is at least romantic. Perhaps a hard and brilliant playfulness of treatment might not be out of keeping with the psychologic subtlety of its catastrophe; but not a few readers resentfully reject the misplaced ingenuity of the wilfully artificial double rhymes. The incongruity between the matter of the poem and the manner of it attracts attention to the form, and leaves us the less for the fact.

It would be interesting to know just why Browning chose to do what he did in "The Glove" and in more than one other poem. He had his reasons, doubtless, for he was no unconscious warbler of unpremeditated lays. If he refused to be loyal to the Principle of Economy of Attention, he knew what he was doing. It was not from any heedlessness—like that of Emerson when he recklessly rhymed *woodpecker* with *bear*; or like that of Lowell when he boldly insisted on rhyming the same *woodpecker* with *hear*. Emerson and Lowell—and Whittier also—it may be noted, were none of them enamoured of technique; and when a couplet or a quatrain or a stanza of theirs happened to attain perfection, as these do not infrequently, we cannot but feel it to be only a fortunate accident. They were not untiring students of versification, for ever seeking to spy out its mysteries and to master its secrets, as Milton was, and Tennyson and Poe.

And yet no critic has more satisfactorily explained the essential necessity of avoiding discords than did Lowell when he affirmed "that not only metre but even rhyme itself was not without suggestion in outward nature. Look at the pine, how its branches, balancing each other, ray out from the tapering stem in stanza after stanza, how spray answers to spray, strophe and antistrophe, till the perfect tree stands an embodied ode, Nature's triumphant vindication of proportion, number, and harmony. Who can doubt the innate charm of rhyme who has seen the blue river repeat the blue o'erhead; who has been ravished by the visible consonance of the tree growing at once toward an upward and a downward heaven on the edge of the twilight cave; or who has watched how, as the kingfisher flitted from shore to shore, his visible echo flies under him, and completes the fleeting couplet in the visionary vault below? . . . You must not only expect, but you must expect in the right way; you must be magnetised beforehand in every fibre by your own sensibility in order that you may feel what and how you ought."

Here Lowell is in full agreement with Poe, who declared that "what, in rhyme, first and principally pleases, may be referred to the human sense or appreciation of equality." But there is no equality in the sound of *valleys* and *palace*, and so the human sense is robbed of its pleasure; and there is no consonance, visible or audible, between *woodpecker* and *hear*, and so we are suddenly demagnetised by our own sensibility, and cannot feel what and how we ought.

So long as the poet gives us rhymes exact to the ear and completely satisfactory to the sense to which they appeal, he has solid ground beneath his feet; but if once he leaves this, then is chaos come again. Admit *given* and *heaven*, and you cannot deny *chamber* and *remember*. Having relinquished the principle of uniformity of sound, you land yourself logically in the wildest anarchy. Allow *shadow* and *meadow* to be legitimate, and how

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can you put the bar sinister on *hear* and *woodpecker?* Indeed, I fail to see how you can help feeling that John Phœnix was unduly harsh when he rejected the poem of a Young Astronomer beginning, "O would I had a telescope with fourteen slides!" on account of the atrocious attempt in the second line to rhyme *Pleiades* with *slides*.

Just as every instance of bad grammar interferes with the force of prose, so in verse every needless inversion and every defective rhyme interrupts the impression which the poet wishes to produce. The greatest poets have accepted the obligation, and there is scarcely an imperfect rhyme in all Shakespeare's works and in all Milton's. And there are really very few in Pope's poems, although there may seem to be many, for since Queen Anne's day our language has modified its pronunciation here and there, leaving only to the Irish now the *tea* which is a perfect rhyme to *obey*, and the *join* which is a perfect rhyme to *line*.

Perhaps the prevalence in English verse of the intolerable "allowable" rhymes is due in part to an acceptance of what seems like an evil precedent, to be explained away by our constantly changing pronunciation. Perhaps it is due in part also to the present wretched orthography of our language. The absurd "rhymes to the eye" which abound in English are absent from Italian verse and from French. The French, as the inheritors through the Latin of the great Greek tradition, have a finer respect for form, and strive constantly for perfection of technique, although the genius of their language seems to us far less lyric than ours. Théodore de Banville, in his little book on French versification, declares formally and emphatically that there is no such thing as a poetic license. And Voltaire, in a passage admirably rendered into English by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, says that the French "insist that the rhyme shall cost nothing to the ideas, that it shall be neither trivial, nor too far-fetched; we exact vigorously in a verse the same purity, the same precision, as in prose. We do not admit the smallest license; we require an author to carry without a break all these chains, yet that he should appear ever free."

In a language as unrhythmic as the French, rhyme is far more important than it need be in a lilting and musical tongue like our own; but in the masterpieces of the English lyrists, as in those of the French, rhyme plays along the edges of a poem, ever creating the expectation it swiftly satisfies and giving most pleasure when its presence is felt and not flaunted. Like the dress of the well-bred woman, which sets off her beauty without attracting attention to itself, rhyme must be adequate and unobtrusive, neither too fine nor too shabby, but always in perfect taste.

Brander Matthews.

THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

I. Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier.

Great authors have generally begun writing and printing early in life. Their first books, often issued anonymously and in small numbers, are usually of comparatively little literary value in themselves, but as forerunners of more important work appearing in after years they are of some interest to the general reader and of great interest to the student of an author's work. Published when the writer was unknown to fame, they have a meagre sale in their little day, and most copies are destroyed or lost; frequently too an author has made a special effort to gather in and destroy all procurable copies of some such early and premature work.

This was the case with Hawthorne, whose first published book, *Fanshawe*, appeared in Boston in 1828. He was then a young man, shy of disposition and little known, having published previous to this date, only a few short tales in New England magazines of small

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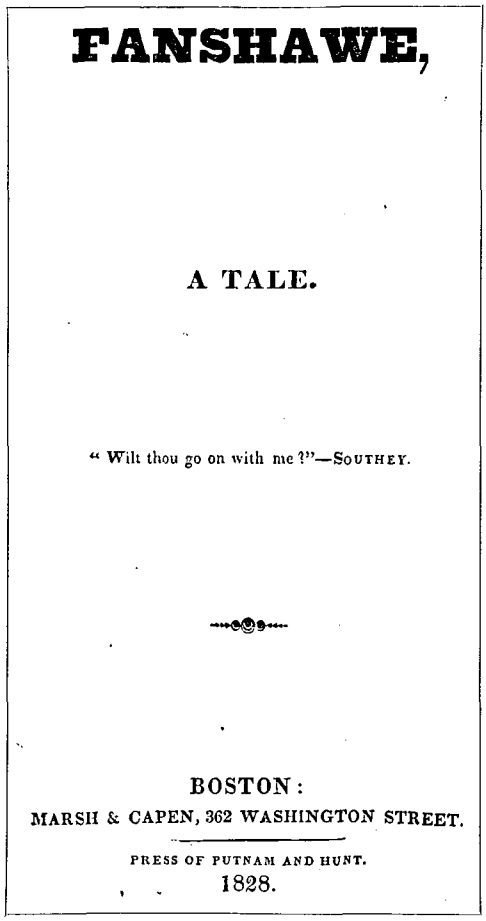
circulation. He had projected a book made up of seven stories with the title *Seven Tales of My Native Land*, borrowing a motto from Wordsworth, "We are seven." The manuscript was sent to a publisher, who, after keeping it a long time and promising repeatedly to print it, returned it without, it is said, having read the stories. Hawthorne seems to have been disheartened and burned the manuscript. *Fanshawe* was printed at his own expense, and the edition must have been small, as his sister informs us that he spent $100 in publishing it. It was undoubtedly a failure financially, as we find Mr. Goodrich writing him in 1830: "Had *Fanshawe* been in the hands of more extensive dealers I do believe it would have paid you a profit."

Later, when he had become better known, Hawthorne was ashamed of his first book and destroyed all copies upon which he could lay his hands, and further he enjoined the members of his family not to speak of the existence of the book. The matter must have been kept very quiet during his lifetime, as neither the title nor the date seems to have been known to Allibone, who, in his *Dictionary of Authors*, published in 1854, says: "His earliest volume was an anonymous romance, published in Boston in 1832 [really in 1828]. This book he has never thought proper to claim, so, doubtless, if it could be identified by the public it would be read with great interest and no little curiosity." *Fanshawe* was reprinted for the first time in 1876, twelve years after the author's death.

As it originally appeared it was a tall twelvemo, bound in boards with cloth back and paper label. It was never much read and when copies turn up they are usually in good condition unless damaged by water. The story is told of a copy being sold at auction in a Maine village for ten cents, and we know of a bookseller who bought a copy with some other books from an old library at twenty-five cents a volume for the lot. The last auction record was $165, at which price a copy with the back slightly damaged was sold at auction in Boston last May. Mr. Foote's copy, rebound in levant morocco by Matthews, was sold in New York in 1894 for $155.

Hawthorne's second book had the title *Peter Parley's Universal History*, and was published in two volumes in 1837. It had been written, or rather compiled to order, for S. G. Goodrich, who, according to his own statement published 116 volumes bearing the name of "old Parley" as author, and most of which he wrote himself. Hawthorne received $100 for this number of the series. The book is rare, most copies having been read to pieces by the children for whom



FANSHAWE,

A TALE.

"Wilt thou go on with me?"—SOUTHEY.

BOSTON:
MARSH & CAPEN, 362 WASHINGTON STREET.

PRESS OF PUTNAM AND HUNT.
1828.

it was intended. Mr. Foote's copy bound in half morocco by Matthews was sold in two volumes for $35 in 1894. In the original binding it would probably sell for much more now.

The first book to have Hawthorne's name on the title page was *Twice-Told Tales*, also issued in 1837. This volume consisted of eighteen stories, most of which had before seen the light in such publications as the *Boston Token*, the *Atlantic Souvenir*, etc. Mr. Goodrich paid him $100 as royalty on the first edition

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of one thousand copies. Mr. Bierstadt's copy in the original cloth binding was sold for $18 in 1897, and Mr. Foote's copy rebound in levant morocco and with an autograph letter inserted, went in 1894 for $22.

Emerson's first separate publication was an address delivered on September 12, 1835, at Concord, on the second centennial anniversary of the incorporation

TWICE-TOLD TALES.

BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN STATIONERS' COMPANY INCORPORATED 1836.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN STATIONERS CO.

JOHN B. RUSSELL

1837.

of the town. What is believed to have been his first appearance in print was "The Right Hand of Fellowship," printed with a sermon by James Kendall, in 1830. This *Historical Discourse* is, however, Emerson's first appearance in print by himself and the first book with his name on the title page. The Discourse itself is included in his collected works, but the long and interesting Appendix is not. The occasion seems to have been one of considerable importance in the historic town of Concord. Before the reading of the address, the children of the town, to the number of about five hundred, marched to the Common in front of the old church and court house, and there opened to the right and left and awaited the procession of the military and citizens. There were ten surviving veterans of the battle of Lexington present. "But," adds the chronicler, "at sunset the company separated and retired to their homes, and the evening of this day of excitement was as quiet as a Sabbath throughout the village."

This *Historical Discourse* was issued as an octavo pamphlet of 52 pages. It was but an ordinary performance which any college bred New Englander might, perhaps, have carried out, and were it not for the author's later books this address would never be cared for except by the student of Concord history. Though moderately rare it does not bring a high price, and copies have sold at auction during the last three years for $3.50, $6 and $8.

During the next year, 1836, was published *Nature*, the first collection of those essays which stamped their author's originality upon American literature. *Nature* appeared anonymously as a twelvemo volume, bound in blue cloth, with only the word "Nature" on the front cover and no lettering on the back. It has this motto from Plotinus on the title page: "Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know." On August 8, 1836, Emerson wrote: "The book of *Nature* still lies on the table. There is, as always one crack in it, not easy to be soldered or welded; but if this week I should be left alone, I may finish it." It was published in September.

Thoreau was another author whose first literary work was a financial failure. The story of his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, published in 1849, is humorously related in his journal, where he wrote under date of October 28, 1853:

> For a year or two past my publisher, falsely so called, has been writing from time to time to ask what disposition should be made of the copies of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* still on hand, and at last suggesting that he had use for the room they occupied in his cellar. So I had them all sent to me here, and they have arrived to-day by express, filling the man's wagon—706 copies out of an edition of 1,000, which I bought of Monroe four years ago and have ever since been paying for,

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HISTORICAL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF CONCORD,

12TH SEPTEMBER, 1835.

ON THE

SECOND CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

CONCORD:
G. P. BEMIS, PRINTER.
1835.

and have not quite paid for yet. The wares are sent to me at last, and I have an opportunity to examine my purchase. They are something more substantial than fame, as my back knows, which has borne them up two flights of stairs to a place quite similar to that to which they trace their origin. Of the remaining 290 and odd, 75 were given away, the rest sold. I now have a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labour? My works are piled up in my chamber half as high as my head—my *opera omnia*. This was authorship. These are the works of my brain. There was just one piece of good luck in the venture. The unbound copies were tied up by the printer four years ago in stout paper wrappers, and inscribed, "H. D. Thoreau, Concord River. 50 cops." So Munroe had only to cross out "River" and write "Mass.," and deliver them to the expressman at once.

In 1862 James T. Fields bought the remainder from Thoreau's family, took out the old title and substituted one with the date 1862. Copies with the original 1849 imprint are, therefore, rare and seldom come up for sale. There is, however, comparatively little interest in Thoreau, among collectors of first editions, and $14.50 is the highest auction record of which we know.

At the end of the *Week* is a leaf of advertisement: "Will soon be published, *Walden, or Life in the Woods.* By Henry D. Thoreau." This volume, however, was not issued until 1854. Thoreau, perhaps, did not dare to undertake it until he had finished paying for his first unprofitable venture. It has as a vignette on the title page, a view of his cabin in the woods, where the larger part of the book was written, with the motto below it, quoted from the book: "I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, if only to wake my neighbours up." Only these two books were published during Thoreau's lifetime, though a set of his works now comprises eleven volumes, collected from magazines, addresses delivered on various occasions, and from his voluminous journal.

Whittier, according to tradition, wrote verse almost as soon as he could write at all. He is said to have covered his slate at school with rhymes, and while still a schoolboy verses of his were accepted and published in several New England newspapers. His first appearance in book form was a single poem, "John G.

A WEEK

ON THE

CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS.

BY

HENRY D. THOREAU.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY
NEW YORK: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. PHILADELPHIA: LINDSAY AND BLACKISTON. LONDON: JOHN CHAPMAN.
1849

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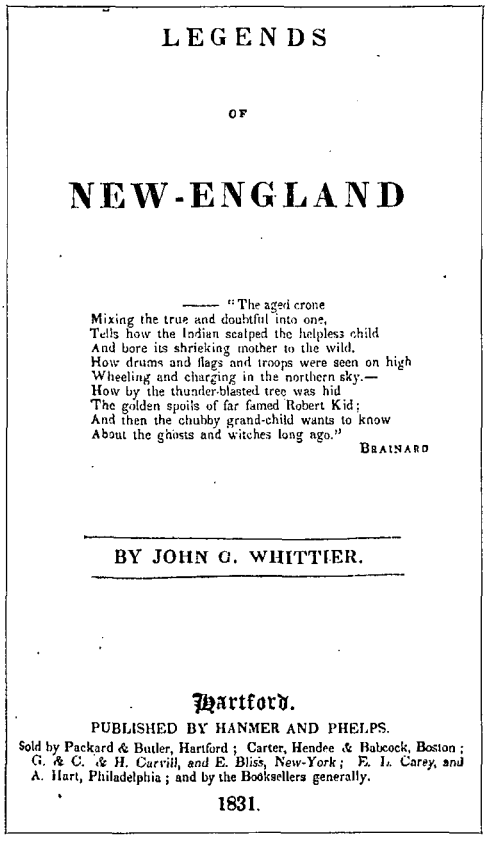


LEGENDS

OF

NEW-ENGLAND

—— "The aged crone
Mixing the true and doubtful into one,
Tells how the Indian scalped the helpless child
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild.
How drums and flags and troops were seen on high
Wheeling and charging in the northern sky.—
How by the thunder-blasted tree was hid
The golden spoils of far famed Robert Kid;
And then the chubby grand-child wants to know
About the ghosts and witches long ago."

BRAINARD

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Hartford.

PUBLISHED BY HANMER AND PHELPS.

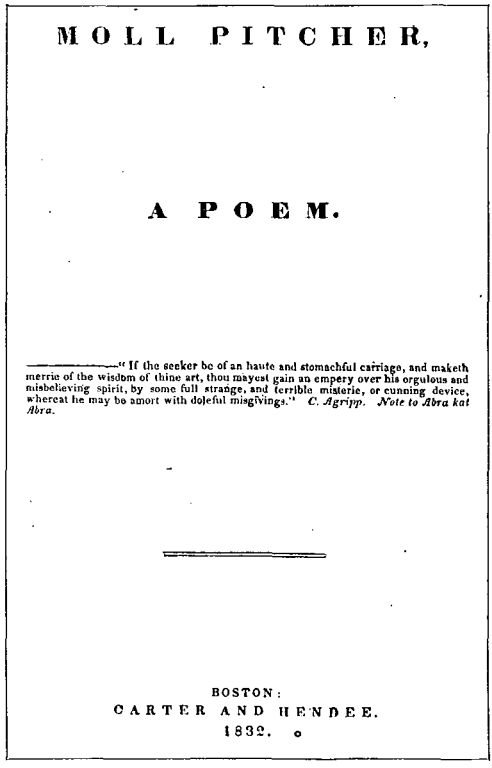
Sold by Packard & Butler, Hartford; Carter, Hendee & Babcock, Boston; G. & C. & H. Carvill, and E. Bliss, New-York; E. L. Carey, and A. Hart, Philadelphia; and by the Booksellers generally.

1831.

Whittier to the Rustic Bard," published in a volume of poems by Robert Dinsmoor, of Windham, N. H., known as "The Rustic Bard." This volume, the title of which was *Incidental Poems*, was published at Haverhill in 1828. It is scarce, having been sold at the Montgomery sale in 1895 for $35 and at a sale in Boston in 1897 for $30.

His first book was *Legends of New England*, published in Hartford in 1831. It was printed in the office of the *Hartford Review*, of which Whittier was then editor, and contains eleven poems and seven prose sketches. Only two of the poems, one of them with a new title, and none of the prose pieces were included in the last edition of his collected works prepared shortly before his death. In later life whenever he could obtain a copy of his first book he destroyed it. He is said on one occasion to have paid $5 for a copy which he afterwards burned. He probably thought that a high price, but it is worth much more now. Mr. Bierstadt's copy brought $41 and Mr. Roos's copy $31, both in the original boards, uncut, and Mr. Foote's copy, levant morocco uncut, bound by Matthews and with four lines in the author's autograph, was sold in 1894 for $40.

Whittier's second book, *Moll Pitcher*, appeared anonymously in 1832. It was printed in Newburyport and published in Boston and is an octavo pamphlet of 28 pages. In the preface the author says: "Moll Pitcher (there's music in the name) is the offspring of a few weeks' such leisure as is afforded by indisposition, and is given to the world in all its original negligence, the thoughts fresh as when first conceived." He apparently endeavoured also to suppress this and with fairly good success, for it is now one of the rarest of American first editions. Mr. Bierstadt's copy in old half morocco, brought $100 in 1897, and Mr. Foote's, bound in levant morocco, uncut, by Matthews, $77.50 in 1894. This copy had two interesting autographs of the poet inserted, both relating to the book. In one of them he says: "The pamphlet described in thy note I am ashamed to own is mine. I hoped it had died out of print and am rather



MOLL PITCHER,

A POEM.

——"If the seeker be of an haute and stomachful carriage, and maketh merrie of the wisdom of thine art, thou mayest gain an empery over his orgulous and misbelieving spirit, by some full strange, and terrible misterie, or cunning device, whereat he may be amort with doleful misgivings." *C. Agripp. Note to Abra kat Abra.*

BOSTON:
CARTER AND HENDEE.
1832.

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sorry that old Moll has materialised herself."

The poem was reprinted in 1840 in a twelvemo pamphlet, with "The Minstrel Girl," but it is not included in the author's collected works, though a passage of 73 lines, with the title "Extract of a New England Legend," is included. A reprint of the original edition as near a fac-simile as could be well made by the use of types, was issued a few years ago, and copies of this reprint have sometimes been offered as the genuine 1832 edition. The reprint, however, is on calendered paper and it has, in general, a fresh look.

L. S. Livingston.

ONLY THESE

Love came by, a summer's day,
Wooed me tenderly and true;
Love was young and wondrous fair,
Hair of sunshine, eyes of blue.
"Hast thou gold?" I asked, "and lands,
Gems to deck me, breast and hair?"
"Steadfast faith and toiling hands,
Heart to love, and wit to please!"
"Only these?"
I said him nay!

Love came next an autumn day,
Older grown, yet stronger too;
Faded though the golden hair,
Eyes were clearer, lips more true.
"Wilt thou love me," said I now,
"Old and gray or fresh and fair,
Keep thee steadfast to thy vow?"
Love looked sad and murmured low,
"Loves love so?"
He went his way.

Glistening snowflakes, all the way,
Marked the day of Love's return;
"Give me food and fire," he said;
"Naught is here, O Love, to burn,
Save my heart, my life, my hope!
What have I to give for bread?
Just my thoughts, my dreams that grope,
Seeking——" Love smiled; "For mine ease,
Only these?"
I bade him stay.

Katherine Pearson Woods.

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THE LIGHT THAT BURNS UPWARD.*

Not long ago a noted novelist received a letter of remonstrance from a dear, good woman protesting against the unromantic conclusion of a novel which he had just published. "It was so disappointing," she said. "But, madam," responded the novelist, "it was just as we find it in life, and life is disappointing." Better is it, was the argument, that we should face the facts of life, and cruel though they may be, still show that they can be used to noble ends by fortitude and by submission to the old beautiful order of the moral universe. There comes a time to most men and women who have lived, when "Life is too real for dreams," as the Red-Haired Man said, and "dreams are hell." The things for which we have striven as most worthy of achievement shrink and shrivel and disappear. The course of ambition is checked; hope that seemed so well-founded is frustrated; effort becomes futile; sorrow with its care and canker comes upon us in utter disillusionment of all that youth held dear and sacred; the desire of the heart is unfulfilled; the agony of love withheld and of love withdrawn brings loneliness, and leaves but a dumb endurance and a silent, unsatisfied longing. The morning of life that began so gaily is already eclipsed in a noontide blur of tears and a mist of pain. The glory and the gleam have gone; life has become too real for dreams, and the soul turns and rends itself; dreams are hell. "Life's life," indeed, then, as blind Joe's wife said to him, "and oh, lad, it's hard to live it."

This is the starting point of the philosophy underlying the book of stories which lies before us, a philosophy which, whether through insight or experience, touches the universal heart and thus appeals to the great world of men and women who have gone down into the deeps. But this is by no means the end. Zack would have done no more than many others are doing to-day, whose stern realism relentlessly draws a picture of gloom into which there penetrates no alleviating ray, if she had not succeeded in showing us that life is something more than it appears at the worst after all. The figure of Atter in "Life is Life," though brutish and unbroken to the end, has its few touches of relief, but set against this the blind man's wife, the woman who "mothered" Humphrey, and the effect is one of transformation. The character of this woman, she is not even named, would redeem the darkest page of pessimism. How this uncouth, ignorant woman of the Bush cares for Humphrey, when he comes, stone blind himself, to join her blind husband in mending gingham umbrellas; how she smooths out his bruised and broken spirit, rebellious and full of horror at the thought of his sudden blindness; how she resents at first his being a gentleman and his gentlemanly ways, and is won over by him in the end; how she meets the news that her husband has cancer in his throat ("Oh, 'tis cruel, cruel, and he with such a throat for trills. There ain't his ekal for singing 'Banks and braes' "), and not only bears up herself, but sustains the others with her simple faith and trust, dimly but instinctively felt and rooted within her, is told with a sureness of touch and an insight into human nature that have rarely been surpassed. The chapters which frame her portrait are by far the best in a story which is otherwise not much above the ordinary. The uplifting truth in this tale, which gives the title to the book, although the author never for one moment sinks the artist in the preacher, is plainly conveyed. "You aint niver bin taught better," this woman who is fond of saying that "life's life," tells Humphrey. "I warrant you've bin fine and spoiled in your time; but then the Almighty seed for Hisself that you needed a dressing, or He would never have brought 'ee to the pass he has." The revelation that comes to Humphrey through her natural human affection is that life must be met with a steady, tender and patient submission; only thus will it yield its secret to us, only thus will it bring peace,

*Life is Life and Other Tales and Episodes. By Zack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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even if it be the peace of defeat. "God wot she was ugly enough; but she had a heart to love with, and what greater gift has He given to man or woman yet?—what greater, though the symbol be a crown of thorns, a cross, and the steep steps of Calvary." Even poor, untutored Joe's wife rises to a sublimer conception of life in the end. It was there all the while, but it took sorrow and the sharing of sympathy with a fellow-sufferer to shape it clearly for her. In the closing words of the story we get a glimpse of her faith in something better than the dreary philosophy that "life's life."

"What do the ills of life matter if us faces 'em courageous?" she answered; but her old, tired voice trembled, for of life and life's ills she was somewhat weary.

Again he drew her face down towards his own.

"Mother," he asked, "did you say life's life when first you knew Joe loved you?"

"Ay, on my knees I said it."

"God bless you for having lived!" cried the boy.

"Oh, lad, lad," she answered, "I was never for denying the Almighty was the Almighty."

Life that mocks our puny efforts to shape it to our stubborn wills bends in the end to the hand of Almighty Love.

Zack is not primarily concerned with the moral side of life, we never once detect the note of the preacher, and yet her work is so true to life that the moral conflict, the struggle between right and wrong enters strenuously into it. She never flinches before the facts of life; she extenuates nothing, but gives us the plain, unvarnished tale. But then she is never forgetful that she is dealing with living, pulsing human hearts. In her, love has been made wise, "to trace love's faint beginnings in mankind." She sees, and is proud of it with a touch of nobleness, the upward tending of down-trodden, crushed spirits—

Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.

There is something direly pitiful and pathetic in all these tales, the pity and the pathos of life itself which heals while it hurts. The hopeless, hapless quest of Flipperty for the brother whom she finds dying with fever in the miners' camp is as sad as it can be, yet who will say that her simple delight and longing to meet him, her childish humour and her trustful affection were all in vain? Grim, too, as is the tale unfolded by the name of "Battista," scrawled upon the post that marks his grave deep in the Australian Alps, one nevertheless carries away a fragrant memory of reverence for the poor Italian who, true to his faith in the Blessed Virgin, preserved at the risk of his life the fetich of "the busted blue doll." "The Red-Haired Man's Dream" is tainted with modernity, and does not strike quite the same key as the other stories, yet it is by no means lacking in power, especially in the power to portray a tempted, harried soul in the grip of tempestuous passion. The author's imaginative handling of character and her development of a situation are well displayed in this story. Moreover, more than in any of the other stories there is a sustained interest here which inclines us to believe that she is capable of writing a longer work. The first story, "Life is Life," which is the longest, disappointed us in this respect. It is badly constructed, and instead of developing naturally, it is simply pieced together. But "The Red-Haired Man's Dream" is developed with care and skill and is more convincing. It begins in comedy and deepens into tragedy; the struggle at first seems to be a physical one, but the man carries it onto a higher plane at the close. It reveals something more; it proves that the author can feel and give expression to the grand passion, its wooing tenderness, its terrible power, its vital force in moulding the destinies of man.

With the exception of "The English Girl's Christmas Presents," which is rather commonplace, and "The Stone Pine," which is merely a pretty prose idyll, the stories thus far, although practically viewed in the light of experiments—as we must view them when we come to the later stories in the book—would make an impression of unusual force and imagination. One is especially impressed with the quality of strength in them, and of a depressing seriousness which even makes their humour of a grim sort. One certainly could not imagine the writer of these stories being for a moment quaint or playful. For a first book, one is also struck with the

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maturity of thought and life which marks these pages. There is no trace of the 'prentice hand; the mental grasp is sure and, in the main, convincing. And there is that charm in her style which, to use a word of Zangwill's coining, is "arrestive." The unstrained feeling, too, which she is able to give to words that bring a lump into the throat is one of her rare gifts. Take for example, the case of the blind Humphrey, self-exiled from the England of his early years, and doomed to pass his days in far Australia.

> Seated on the broken doorstep, repairing the ribs of some neighbour's broken gingham, his heart would swell with homesickness, and a terrible longing for the people he had known and loved in childhood take possession of him. Then the umbrella would drop from his hand, and his blind eyes fill with visions of his English home; the crude street noises around him would hush themselves, and the lop-lop of the river, as it humped its way over brown pebbles, become audible: he watched it wind through the Thursby meadows where the big elms lolled and sunned themselves, past the gorse-covered hills, and the shuffling woods in their spring coat of beech-green. . . Watching, the boy's heart would swell with homesickness, and he would creep upstairs to the little attic, fling himself upon the bed, and sob like the fool he was. The woman marked the traces of tears on his face, but made no comments; and the days crept on, each much as the other.

But it is with "The Storm," when nearly three-fourths of the way through the book, that we begin to feel the writer's power in earnest. As suddenly as the gale which springs up on the Devonshire coast in the opening of this story, does the full realistic force of her imagination come down upon us. Blow after blow it descends to the end of the book, and we feel without a moment's doubt that we are under the sway of a master hand. We read as one possessed; the scenes are not enacted for us; we are part of them. The very elements of their life mingle with our life, and we pass from the printed page feeling that something has happened to us which we shall never forget. Truly, it is in these stories that Zack has shown a mastery which entitles her to rank with the best short story-writers in the language. She is a genuine daughter of Devonshire, and in depicting the life of the soil in which she has her roots, she has surely found her true place. She can afford to let alone Australia with its sordid, brutal, degrading scenes, and sunny Italy with its hot passion, palpitating in the nervous heat. Others can do better in these fields, but she need not sit at the feet of any known writer in picturesque Devon. "Travelling Joe," we will dare to say, cannot be read unmoved by anybody, and we know of only one other story in the English language with which it can be at all compared, to wit, Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Conspiracy Aboard the 'Midas.'"

Travelling Joe, a boy of about nine years old, small, wizen, and partly paralysed, is lying in a truckle-bed while Grandfer Zam sits peeling potatoes.

> To the boy lying there, his heart full of the spirit of adventure, and his life bounded by the truckle-bed and the four walls of the small kitchen, the thought of heaven was of piercing interest; it haunted his dreams sleeping and waking, it was his New America, the land which he would one day explore. To him it never ceased to be a matter of regret that the Crystal Sea lay in front of the throne of God; he would have wished it might have been in what he called the *"dimmet* (dusky) part o' 'eaven"; a far border-land unknown to the angels, and where even the eye of God fell seldom. And now as he lay and watched Zam peeling the potatoes, he longed unconsciously to hear the "loosing of the mill," for the sound of the great waters leaping forth was to him as the rushing of the River of Life.

The child's mind is ever filled with thoughts of heaven and his constant talk is of the adventures which he expects to find there. An uncle comes home from America and the child wistfully tells him about his anticipations of heaven. "I shall do a sight of travelling when I gets up there. 'Dear Laurd,' I shall zay, 'I knaws what rasting ba like, and now I wid dearly like tu ba doing.'" It happens that Ben Tapp was a man to torture any helpless animal that fell into his power, and looking down on the boy's eager, pathetic face, a desire came into his heart to crush out his happiness. "There ain't no such place as 'eaven, Joe, 'tis all darned rot—bunkum, as us says out in the States." From that moment a change comes over Travelling Joe, and he gradually pines away.

> "Grandfer," he said, "do 'ee reckon thet they knaws more about 'eaven auver to Merikey than they does yhere?"
>
> "'Tiz tha tother zide o' tha wordel," the old man answered; "maybe they sees clearer ther."
>
> "I ba mortal wangery (tired), grandfer,"

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Travelling Joe answered, sighing; "I reckon I cud zlape."

Zam laid the dying boy back in the old truckle-bed. "Shall I tull 'ee zommat from the Buk, lad?" he asked.

The child shivered. "Naw, grandfer," he answered, "I wid liefer bide quiet." He sank into a broken slumber, suddenly to awake with a start.

"Tiz turribul dimmet," he exclaimed; "but," and his face brightened, "I zees things like ditches": so saying, he died.

After "Travelling Joe" it is difficult to rank one story above another. We should be inclined to say that the next best was "Widder Vlint." It is told in the Devonshire vernacular, and the illusion is so complete, by being taken into the confidence of the relative who tells the story, that we feel as if we were one of the spectators. Widder Vlint was "disrespactit" in the village, having given birth to three drunkards, who have run their course and are dead when the story opens. A remaining son, Dave, participates in the quiet tragedy of the story, and forms the subject of the closing episode. But so strongly projected is the character of Dave that we know his whole life history, sympathise with his fears and struggles, and triumph with him in the end when he wrestles with the demon Drink and overcomes. We guess at Dave's early history in the following confession:

"Moather," ha zed, "do 'ee dap back on thic night when pore Jesse got kind o' mad wi' tha drink an' shat hizsulf, an' how yer an' me wint out 'and in 'and an' vound him, an' yer tarned to me an' zed, 'I've ony thee luft now, Dave'; an' I tooked pore Jesse's hand an' layed it atween yers an' mine, an' zwore thet I wid niver touch strong drink, an' if I had to die vor it I wid die game? Moather, moather," he ended up kind o' sharp like, "I reckon the drink 'ull 'ave me yet."

Hur put her arms round him an' drawed hiz head down upon her lap, ez maybe hur had done many times a-vor when ha wez a little lad.

"Pore lamb!" hur zed, "pore lamb!"

Arter a bit hur contineed, "Dave," hur zed, "do 'ee mind on the pore widdy wuman in the Buk, an' how she guved her mite to the Laurd, an' tho' ther wez urch (rich) volks alongside o' hur ez guved gorgeous gufts, yit the Laurd Ha vallayed the mite moast. An' so I reckon 'tiz wi' uz—'tain't wat uz does, but wat uz tries to do; that the Laurd vallys, an' thin Ha kind o' makes up the rast Hizsulf."

But Dave ha ony gripped howldt o' the pore dumman more tight like. "Moather, moather," ha zed, "spose I shudn't die game?"

When the winter came round Widder Vlint took to her bed, and very soon Dave was left alone to wage his solitary struggle with the heritage which had come down to him through his father and grandfather. The concluding sketch tells of a conspiracy to ruin Dave by tempting him to drink in order to favour a rival suitor for the hand of Phœbe. The plan is almost successful, and Dave has hurried deep into the heart of the wood with the bottle of spirits left on the table of his small kitchen, and with his gun, which he has loaded in anticipation of the final deed. He is about to slake his thirst when in an impulse of moral defiance he dashes the bottle into fragments at his feet. The beast in him flings him on the ground where he strives to lick up the spirits with his tongue. 'No better than a dog—no better than a dog," he sobs, "a dog's death for a dog."

The moonlight shone on him, on the gun and on the broken bottle at his feet: the glistening glass attracted him and he stared at it, fresh thoughts crowding his brain. A tremor ran through him: raising his eyes, he fixed them on the moonlit heavens and grey wind-spun clouds. "Ther ba zommat in me a'zide the dog," he said slowly. "Ay, bygore, I'll live game, I'll zee it droo," and drawing himself together, he turned his face once more on life.

"Ther ba zommat in me a'zide the dog." With this plea Zack vindicates humanity even at its lowest ebb—its struggle toward the light, toward something higher and better, though only dimly felt. "Somehow," says George Meredith, "the light of every soul burns upward." It is hard to extinguish the lamp that God has lighted in the human breast. "I'll live game, I'll zee it droo." Something has been saved; dreams are not all in vain. Imagination, hope, the ideal, these do much to mould the future for us; they are life's decoy, and lead us on in the still, silent conflict; but still more do we need for the process that rounds out our life's purpose discipline, tribulation, sore struggle and stripping, and oftentimes we are saved as by fire.

Life is life—yes, but life is also love, for Zack has once more demonstrated the truth that

Life with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.

James MacArthur.

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THE SPECTRE KNIGHT

In olden days, when ghostly lays
Were twanged on spectral lyres,
With clank of chains, in haunted lanes
The Spectre Knight retires:
And to his mistress in the tower,
From out the quiet glade,
He sings at clang of midnight hour
A ghostly serenade.

"Fair Lady, give heeding,
Oh, list to my pleading,"
(Here he twangs on his light guitar.)
"I pray take compassion
On me and my passion,
The door of thy heart unbar."

She steps from out the chamber door
Of her worm-infested tomb;
And he hears her say, as he twangs away,
These words from out the gloom:
"Away presumptive ex-consumptive,
'Neath my balustrade.
Thy love-lorn zest disturbs my rest
So cease thy serenade!"

"Fair Lady, give heeding,
Oh, list to my pleading,"
(Here he twangs on his light guitar.)
"I pray take compassion
On me and my passion,
The door of thy heart unbar."

Disconsolate quite, the Spectre Knight
Remarks as he goes away,
"These morbid phantoms, may ghouls transplant 'em!
They won't be wooed in clay."
But a hundred years have passed since then
And still she is fancy free,
And, as of yore at her chamber door,
He sings in a skeleton key:

"Fair Lady, give heeding,
Oh, list to my pleading,"
(Here he twangs on his light guitar.)
"I pray take compassion
On me and my passion,
The door of thy heart unbar."

Fred M. Ranken.

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BRUNETIÈRE AND FRENCH LITERATURE*

The battle of modern literary criticism has been hard fought in France. The issue is still undecided—if, indeed, decision be possible. Only light skirmishes take place among us, for we are too serious a people to regard such a matter save as an exercise of frivolous leisure. M. Brunetière is the sturdiest champion on one side; M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaître, graceful, agile fencers, on the other. The theories, exemplified with inferior skill, of these latter, are much in vogue with us, but we have no one very nearly corresponding to M. Brunetière. He is the conservative critic, interested certainly in the literature of his own time, but coolly critical of its pretensions, its fads, its vagaries. He is the serious man, frankly concerned about the matter of books, the worth of their ideas, their influence on the world. He is the laborious investigator, the enemy of the casual, of the happy-go-lucky methods of studying literature, of judging it, of making it. He is utterly unsentimental, sternly just, according to his lights, and in a courageous way. Read, for instance, in this volume his essay on "The Philosophy of Molière." For the genius and the power of Molière he has the highest admiration. He knows all that *Tartufe* has done in the course of ages for the discouragement of hypocrites. But in *Tartufe* he declares, the great comedian was not attacking hypocrisy alone, out of love for true religion. All religion, all restraint were distasteful to this fighter for the untrammelled freedom of the soul to take its pleasure as it could, to this apostle of the rights of nature. His assertion may be wrong. It is a matter about which strict investigation of literary history can alone justify an opinion. But it illustrates the critic's temper. He does not adopt Molière's standpoint because he was a great genius; nor consciously twist that standpoint in order to admire the man all through.

*Brunetière's Essays in French Literature. A Selection, translated by D. Nichol Smith. With a Preface by the Author, especially written for this, the authorised English Translation. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

M. Brunetière holds that the function of criticism is not to amuse, but to judge, compare, classify, to form a standard of taste. Serious criticism alone can "prevent the world, according to M. Renan's expression, from 'being devoured by charlatanism.' . . . It teaches the crowd that there is some difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac, which it is doubtless well to know, and avenges talent for the successes of mediocrity, which are humiliating some way or other to everybody." He challenges the impressionist critics, frankly tells them their air of irresponsibility is affectation, frivolity, and egotism, however charmingly disguised—in those of the second rank, incapacity and indolence as well. Criticism is certainly not science, but it should as far as possible avail itself of scientific methods. These things we have all heard before. But he makes a new and striking point when he says of the brilliant exponents of the rival method, "It is no use for them to write critiques; they all nourish in their inmost heart the secret ambition of novelist, dramatist, or poet." The personality, the subjectivity they introduce so proudly into their criticism is the stock in trade of the artist; and they use criticism "only to experiment with ideas, until they can give them a different and still more personal form."

M. Brunetière is popularly known as the enemy of many literary innovations, a chilly observer of many modern forms and methods. Perhaps he is as ready as most to appreciate the imagination and the thought of some whose manner he condemns. But discipline must be maintained; the genius of French literature must not be confused. His literary patriotism is staunch and austere. In the essay on "The Classic and Romantic" he combats a pretty, but, if widely applied, rather flimsy theory of M. Deschanel—that the classics are those romantics that have realised themselves, that all classics, because they had the force to become such, must have been romantics once. M. Brunetière then defines a classic, very neatly, very conveniently, but for every serious purpose, quite uselessly. All

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classics, he says, belong to a certain period, when the language was mature, and when the literature was independent of foreign influence, likewise when their form, dramatic, epic, or otherwise, was in all its force. For France the age of Louis XIV., and for England that of Queen Anne and George I. were the classic periods. So we too say, pedantically, till someone makes the inference, which is M. Brunetière's assertion, that no classics exist outside these periods. A definition that refuses to call Milton classic, even in his most Italianate moments, we must repudiate—though it may be that few of the later French romanticists or naturalists have so assimilated the new influences as to make good their claim. Let Frenchmen judge of that. He was on a better track when he descanted on the equilibrium of the classic, its healthiness, the harmony of its parts and functions, the matter not allowing itself to be "despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of the form," and the form not "usurping an interest which should belong only to the matter." A right road this, but without precise boundaries. Certainly, however, it condemns much of modern literature to abide without the classic pale. But then M. Brunetière owns the classics must often give way in thought and originality to the outsiders.

It is to his credit that he makes a reader combative. Even our agreement must be an active acquiescence with each step of an argument, as in the first and most perfect essay in this selection, that on "The Essential Character of French Literature." Here, again, his love of definiteness is indulged slightly at the expense of completeness; but he says most of the truth, and says it admirably. He classifies the principal literatures of Europe thus—Italian is artistic, Spanish is chivalresque, German philosophic, English individualistic — "hence that *humour*, which may be defined as the expression of the pleasure which they feel in thinking only after their own way"; hence also the lyricism of English. French literature on the other hand is sociable, or social, has aimed at being read and understood. From that spring its simplicity, its lucidity, likewise its universality, since it makes no appeal to eccentricities or exceptions, but to the common interests of the social man. It has the defects of its qualities, and has "paid by its too manifest inferiority in the forms which may be called 'personal,' for its superiority in the forms which are 'common.'" But here he adds a not superfluous defence from a thoughtless charge. "Our great writers affect somewhat the men of the world, or of the court, to cloak, or rather to disguise this depth. . . . The Frenchman piques himself on speaking clearly about matters which are sometimes profound, but the German seems to glorify himself too often on stating obscurely matters which are clear." To pass for superficial rather than obscure is with the Frenchman a point of honour and breeding.

English readers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nichol Smith, not only for his careful translation, but for his intelligent selection of the essays which best illustrate the point of view of perhaps the ablest and best equipped of living critics. *Annie Macdonnell.*

THE COOK-STOVE IN POETRY*

Some three years ago THE BOOKMAN devoted several columns to an appreciation of the earlier work of Mrs. Stetson who, at that time, was little known in the East, though her verse had already made for her some local reputation in California. Since then her circle of readers has been gradually widening until now a very large number will receive with pleasure the volume now before us which contains all of her work that she cares to have preserved in permanent form.

Mrs. Stetson is a woman of much originality, of very pronounced opinions which she expresses with vigour, and from a literary point of view she is worthy of serious consideration. Her verse shows an improvement in technique during the past three years until

*In This Our World. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.25.

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now both in the aptness of her thought, the terseness of her phrase, and the general compactness of her style as a whole, she stands head and shoulders above any of the other minor poets of her sex. In fact, did we not know the author's name, we should have selected many of the poems collected in this volume as having been written by a man.

Mrs. Stetson is most interested in life and its various problems. She does not deal very much in sentiment, but she goes out among men and women and looks at them from a semi-sociological point of view and hammers away at what she thinks she sees. Almost everything that she writes is strong and effective from the way in which she has dealt with it. In her milder moods (which are not frequent) she sometimes shows a touch that is truly poetical. She is at her best, however, and also most at her ease, when she is dealing with questions that are partly ethical. The following, for instance, is rather characteristic.

A MAN MUST LIVE.

A man must live. We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
  A little vote for a little gold
  To a whole senate bought and sold,
By that self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
  In what religion were you told
  A man must live?

There are times when a man must die.
Imagine, for a battle-cry,
  From soldiers, with a sword to hold—
  From soldiers, with the flag unrolled—
This coward's whine, this liar's lie—
  A man must live!

It is not, however, with Mrs. Stetson in the light of a poet-at-large that we are now especially concerned. Her general literary merit was sufficiently well summed up in the paper which we mentioned at the beginning of this review. What we wish to discuss at the present time is one particular theme to which she continually reverts, so often, in fact, as to excite in us a mild degree of irritation. This theme is, broadly speaking, the inferior position which married women ocupy; and, more specifically, what may be styled (after the Stetsonian manner) the Curse of the Cook-Stove. Mrs. Stetson in a general way, regards the American wife as a person who is very sadly put upon; in the first place because she is obliged to spend so much time at home looking after her household duties, while her husband roves around and mingles with the wise and great and improves his mind; in the second place, because she has no corresponding pleasures or advantages; and in the third place, because she is remorselessly sacrificed to the Cook-Stove over which she has to spend so many weary and overheated hours. Lest we should seem to have done Mrs. Stetson an injustice in stating her position, we will indulge ourselves with a few quotations. The first is written very seriously in the vein of pathos.

A maid was asked in marriage. Wise as fair,
She gave her answer with deep thought and prayer,

Expecting in the holy name of wife
Great work, great pain, and greater joy in life.

She found such work as brainless slaves might do,
By day and night, long labour, never through;

Such pain—no language can her pain reveal;
It had no limit but her power to feel;

Such joy—life left in her sad soul's employ
Neither the hope nor memory of joy.

The second poem that we shall quote comes down directly to the Cook-Stove and is written in a vein of irony.

TO THE YOUNG WIFE.

Are you content, you pretty three-years' wife?
  Are you content and satisfied to live
  On what your loving husband loves to give,
    And give to him your life?

Are you content with work—to toil alone,
  To clean things dirty and to soil things clean;
    To be a kitchen-maid, be called a queen—
      Queen of a cook-stove throne?

Are you content to reign in that small space—
  A wooden palace and a yard-fenced land—
  With other queens abundant on each hand,
    Each fastened in her place?

. . . . . .

Have you forgotten how you used to long
  In days of ardent girlhood, to be great,
  To help the groaning world, to serve the State,
    To be so wise—so strong?

. . . . . .

Be not deceived! 'Tis not your wifely bond
  That holds you, nor the mother's royal power,
  But selfish, slavish service hour by hour—
    A life with no beyond!

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In the third quotation, Mrs. Stetson puts aside all her gentler instincts and dashes at the cook-stove full tilt and in a vein of sardonic indignation. The poem, which is entitled "The Holy Stove," and from which we can spare room for only a single stanza, begins as follows:

O the soap-vat is a common thing!
The pickle-tub is low!
The loom and wheel have lost their grace
In falling from the dwelling-place
To mills where all may go!
The bread-tray needeth not your love;
The wash-tub wide doth roam;
Even the oven free may rove;
But bow ye down to the Holy Stove,
The Altar of the Home!

Now putting aside all consideration of Mrs. Stetson's merits as a poet, we should like to go into this matter of the Cook-Stove rather fully; and we shall ask Mrs. Stetson, figuratively speaking, to sit down and hearken to us while we gently reason with her. In doing so, some persons will say that we are departing from our proper function as a literary critic, but we are not so sure of that. Most of the eminent writers of the day have been discussing at great length what they are pleased to call the Relation of Literature to Life. We have diligently perused whatever they have so written and we must confess that our poor brains have never yet quite clearly apprehended just what this same Relation is; but now at last we have come upon a concrete instance which we think that we can understand. Taking Mrs. Stetson's poetry to represent Literature, and the humble home at which she sneers to represent Life, it is obvious that the Cook-Stove, being the link between them, must represent the Relation of Literature to Life. Consequently, in making it a theme, we are quite in the prevailing fashion, and are artfully insinuating ourselves into the company of our betters.

Now it is all very well for Mrs. Stetson to say that a woman always stays at home over the Cook-Stove while her husband is mingling with the wise and great and therefore becoming wise and great himself. This does well enough for poetry, but when you come down to fact it seems a little queer. For a husband who mingles with the wise and great is obviously not in the category of those whose wives are forced to do their own cooking; and, on the other hand, if the wife is obliged to do her own cooking, her husband is not in a position to mingle with the wise and great, but must spend all his time quite busily engaged in what Mrs. Stetson would probably describe, as "hustling for a living." In other words, Mrs. Stetson must really have in mind a family of very limited means who are unable to employ a cook. Let us, then, consider what Mrs. Stetson would have them do if she could direct things to be run in her own way.

In the first place, of course, they might try the experiment of going without eating altogether. This would be effective while it lasted, for then the wife could put on her best dress in the morning and go out to the local Browning Club or a University Extension lecture or a woman's suffrage meeting, and stay away all day, thereby perhaps becoming as strong and great as Mrs. Stetson desires her to be. But, after all, this plan has certain disadvantages of a physiological nature which must suggest themselves even to the mind of a poet like Mrs. Stetson. We are therefore bound to assume that the household must have food and, therefore, as a corollary, that some one must cook that food.

This being granted, a second plan would be for the husband to stay home and do the cooking. But in the first place, he would probably make a terrible mess of it, and the food would not be half so nicely cooked. And again, if he stayed at home and hung around the Cook-Stove, then the wife would have to go out and do the work that he had done, which would very certainly take up her time and make it just as impossible as ever for her to attend the Browning Club and the University Extension lecture and the woman's suffrage meeting. Moreover, just as her husband would probably not cook as well as she could, so also she would probably not do his work as well as he had done it. Therefore, we think that this second plan must likewise be rejected.

Thus by a process of elimination we are forced to the conclusion that there is really no way out of it but just the same old way; that the husband should go out and earn the money, and the wife stay home and attend to her domestic

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duties. Which, when you come to think of it, seems pretty sensible after all.

We are inclined to suspect that the sort of woman whom Mrs. Stetson pictures as so dominated by the Cook-Stove is the sort of woman who would snarl and complain over anything else that fate had given her to do. She is probably a sad slattern who goes around with slippers down at heel in a greasy old wrapper, and with her hair up in curl-papers at five o'clock in the afternoon when her husband is coming home. Instead of finding fault with the Cook-Stove and telling the young wife that it is a horror and a blight upon her life, we for our part should try to give her some ideas of how to be happy even with the Cook-Stove.

We should suggest to her, in the first place, that it costs little to be neat; that, in fact, it costs much less, both in money and in self-respect, than to be slovenly and sluttish. In the second place, if she has to be "queen of a Cook-Stove throne," we should recommend that she get a well-built serviceable Cook-Stove, having a good draught and an oven that will heat up in such a way as not to spoil the cake and bread. Then we think that she ought to keep the Cook-Stove nicely polished and to have the kitchen neat as wax to match it. Next we should instill into her mind the momentous truth that it is really just as easy to cook food in a dainty and wholesome and artistic way as it is to cook it like a savage. We should advise her, therefore, never to fry things, but to broil them; and when she has any cold meat left over, to make it up into nicely-browned croquettes or *bouchées à la reine*, rather than to warm it over into greasy stews and slimy hashes. She could also ask some one to give her as a wedding-present one of those fascinating volumes by Miss Parloa or Mrs. Rorer, which are ever so much more valuable than anything that Browning ever wrote, and learn from their pages a hundred little wrinkles about scientific cooking. She would find then, after a little while, that cooking would become an artistic pleasure rather than a "slavish service," and that it could be done in half the time that she had spent pottering around in making dishes fit only for a barbarian. Thus she would have plenty of time to herself, and could put on her prettiest dress in the afternoon and meet her husband with a flower in her hair and delight his soul by her dainty looks and by an equally dainty dinner.

We really think that a woman who did this, who made a happy and contented home, and kept her husband in good health and spirits and, therefore, a good citizen, would really be doing much more service to the State than she would by gadding around the town to visit Browning clubs and University Extension lectures, or even than by yawping at a woman's suffrage meeting.

Finally, we really do not see but what she would have time enough to cultivate her mind if she desired to. She would probably take out books from the circulating library, and perhaps in the course of time she would come upon Mrs. Stetson's volume of dynamic verse. If so, she would take it home and read the fiery denunciations of the Cook-Stove; and, being a sensible person, she would derive from their perusal just the same amount of pity and amusement that they have recently afforded us.

H. T. P.

SUDERMANN IN ENGLISH*

Sudermann is a brilliant figure in German letters; his works are extensively read and admired in Europe, and will undoubtedly, through translation, soon be familiar in America It may not be uninteresting to follow a little the plan of this latest translation of his most artistic work, a strong and beautiful creation, half romance and half tragedy. It is dramatic, full of stirring incident, very passionate, very human, and holds the interest from beginning to end.

Die Katzensteg, from which the book takes its name, is a rude, wooden bridge which leads over a rushing stream

*Regina, or the Sins of the Fathers. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

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back of the Castle of Schranden into the forests beyond. By means of this bridge the French made a famous midnight sortie into the camp of the enemy. Schranden, a miserable collection of huts, boasting the hovels of a half a hundred peasants, an inn, a church, is glowered down upon by ruins of the castle and its baron. Baron Eberhard von Schranden was a brutal, venal egotist, half Pole, half Prussian, a sympathiser with any country not German. One memorable night, after a sumptuous feast at which his guests were French officers, these enemies of his land were led by a peasant woman, the baron's mistress and tool, over the famous Katzensteg, and thence into the Prussian camp. This was the infamous treachery. It made the name of von Schranden a black, hated thing, and for this, the baron was made to drink bitter waters. The Schrandeners burned his castle to the rafters, and condemned their baron to drag out the remainder of his life a prisoner on his own domain, his roof a miserable shed, his food scarcely sufficient to keep the body alive.

The story opens with a description of a feast in a country house near Schranden, given in honour of a young lieutenant highly distinguished by bravery in the last campaign, and greatly beloved. As the evening wears away, and the wine is low in the cup and high in the head, the men mingle with their drinking songs the name of the hated baron, who has at last succumbed to the horrors of his existence, and lies dead in his hovel. Dead as a dog he shall lie and rot; no Christian burial shall bless his bones! Insult after insult is heaped upon the name of von Schranden. The young officer, to whom the toasts have all been drunk long ago, listens white as death and as silent, clutching the arms of his chair until the wood gives way in the fierceness of his grip. Finally, half beside himself, he springs to his feet, crying, "For God's sake, silence! he is my father." Then he rushes out of the room into the night, on to Schranden. As he covers the distance between the tavern and the estate, he lives again in a series of vivid memories, his boyhood and youth—passed, for the most part, away from Schranden, to which he is returning to take possession of his estate and fall heir to the accursed name.

He reaches the castle grounds, and in the moonlight, under the grim shadows of burned and blackened walls, Boleslav von Schranden comes face to face with a peasant girl, who, with a rude shovel, is digging a grave. This is Regina—a girl of the people. He remembers her at once. He had seen her, a big-eyed, frowsled child, running wild in the street. Since, years ago she came as a servant to the old baron, she had been his dog, his slave, his creature, until now, when Boleslav finds her tall and silent, bending to give him who has robbed her of all, as decent a burial as she may. She looks up like a frightened animal at the son. She calls him "Lord"—never anything else. Boleslav is to Regina the advent of goodness and love. That night at his word she goes twenty miles to summon to the young baron his comrades, certain officers, bound by vow of friendship, to come without question at the summons of one of their band. They respond, and the next night the old Baron von Schranden is given Christian burial. In moonlight and torchlight, between files of armed men, the rude bier is borne to hallowed ground. The infuriated peasants can do nothing against the martial pall-bearers.

Gratefully Boleslav turns to his friends with outstretched hand, but there is no response. They coldly withdraw to the last man, his best friend, who explains: "True to our vow we came at your bidding; now that your heritage is known all further bonds are impossible." They turn from him and he is left alone with Regina.

In this accursed, desolate spot, the young man takes up his life, absorbed by the gigantic task of clearing his father's name. Family papers and records have been preserved and are kept in the cellar under the rooms. With these he labours, only to discover new horrors on every page. Regina has been ostracised by her townspeople and threatened with death by her own father. Her life is never safe outside of the schloss, which she has to leave now and again driven by necessity to buy food for which she pays five times its worth. Her appearance is the signal for insults and showers

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of stones from which she protects herself by running with a wooden washtub held over her head. Regina is physically superb; when Boleslav first finds her she is half clad and half civilised. The development of her character, the awakening of her soul is an interesting and beautiful study. She is part of nature, of the storms and sunshine, of the moonlight and shadow that pass over Schranden in the succession of the seasons. Gross cruelty and abuse have been her lot in the past, suddenly she finds herself treated like a human being, with gentleness and courtesy. In her humility she can scarcely drink of the cup of kindness. Little by little, as she realises her new position, she lifts her eyes to Boleslav and loves him with her whole soul. He is more like a knight of the Holy Grail than a German soldier. Under this new influence she becomes transformed. We see her tramping in winter, over the mountain path, to a distant town, where she may buy in peace the necessaries for their life. She is strong, splendidly strong and full of life, and she is intensely alive with love and gratitude for Boleslav. Little by little she ceases to be the savage and becomes an adorable woman, clothed and in a new mind. The transition is perfectly natural and very artistic.

And here begins for Boleslav an existence of fierce temptation, living alone amid the ruins of his house, and for his sole companion, a beautiful and absolutely loving woman. As a safeguard he cherishes the image of the pastor's daughter whom he has loved with an æsthetic idolatry for years. Helena is in reality a narrow, spiritless creature whom Boleslav paints in imagination as a very Saint Elizabeth. After long waiting and suspense, Boleslav discovers her real character, and that she has betrothed herself in secrecy to the son of the innkeeper. He finds himself free from the bond he alone had forged, and finds, too, how great is his love for Regina. His feelings rebound with terrible force, and he feels at liberty to give rein to the beautiful, jubilant "sin." She seemed to him to stand forth suddenly as she really was, "a grand and complete human being, one of those perfect, fully developed individuals that nature created before a herding social system, with its paralysing ordinances, bungled her handiwork, when every youthful creature was allowed to bloom unhindered into the fullness of its power, and to remain, in good and in evil, part and parcel of the natural life." Everything has failed him. All that he has learned of his father through the innocent disclosures of Regina has filled him with loathing disgust. His lands are desolate, and he is himself friendless, save for her. Although he wears the iron cross, although he commands a regiment, which, on the next day, he is to lead to battle, he is an outcast for whom no one has a look of fellowship or an outstretched hand. Turning from the village with a revulsion of disgust and hatred as strong as that which the people had borne for him, he dashes across the drawbridge into the castle grounds to find Regina, singing her name in his very blood. "Take her in your arms, even to-morrow shall not cheat you of her—she shall follow you to the camp—let her wear men's clothes like that Leonore Prohaska, the heroine whom all Germany admires and honours." She will be standing on the Katzensteg watching for him as she has always done. He calls her name a hundred times. There is no answer. The bridge has become a ruin. He climbs the steep step that leads to it; he looks down the river, where floating in the moonlight is the body of a woman. Regina has been pierced to the heart by a bullet from the rifle of her own father, who with a band of Schrandeners had sought, an hour ago, to steal upon Boleslav and kill him in his sleep.

Perhaps the most beautiful scene in the book is the close. Boleslav lifts from its watery bed the body of the woman he has loved and never loved, and nothing could be more chaste and moving than the burial among the ruins of Schranden in the moonlight. He entombs her near a marble statue of Diana.

The next day he is to lead his regiment to battle. "As for Boleslav, nothing further is known. He may have fallen in the battle of Ligny."

Thus closes *Die Katzensteg*—a work of art in point of view of expression, and so human in feeling that it is fairly a pulse of the heart. The plot and setting are original and striking. The whole is sym-

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metrical; no detail in description, nor delineation of the most unimportant character is neglected. The innkeeper, his gross son, the old pastor whose mission is chiefly denunciation, the half-fed brutish peasants blinded by the fog of tradition and superstition, all is distinct and shows Sudermann's comprehension of the characteristics of his people in marked degree. He seems to have no illusions about Teutonic temperament, and while he treats the Germans with an indulgent humour, he treats them frankly. Against this background stand out Boleslav and Regina, who are among the most beautiful figures in modern romance. Regina is brilliant, full of colour, she glows like a flame. In Boleslav, Sudermann has drawn a character to be loved and remembered. He is a soldier and a man of iron will and courage, but he is also an idealist and a dreamer. Born with reverence and instinctively pure, he is doomed to feel all things intensely and yet to realise nothing of happiness—the fountains of life having been poisoned at their source for him by the sin of his father.

If it is difficult to imagine a German soldier possessed of the delicacy and the sensibility of Boleslav von Schranden, it must be remembered that he is the creation of a German, and that in itself is worthy of thought. Moreover—"*Ce que le génie invente, existe toujours.*"

Marie L. Van Vorst.

THE SCARLET FOOT*

A heroine with a scarlet foot planted defiantly on the title page of a story should awaken a twofold interest, which is more than can be said perhaps of scarlet fever, the scarlet ibis (*guara rubra*) and other objects of a scarlet hue, not overlooking Will Scarlet, which man and Nature have flaunted before our sensitised vision. But it would be unfair to expect Meg to appeal to us in the way that Trilby did merely because she is the conspicuous possessor of a foot. The name Meg connotes a buxom simplicity that alike precludes dimples and the kicking off of a large slipper to display them. Scarlet, in distinction from the other reds which have had their day in book titles, carries an air of mystery. One thinks of *The Scarlet Letter* and wonders if Meg's stockings, like Hester's gown, were embroidered or merely dyed. The colour, too, suggests Rahab, who "bound a scarlet line in the window," and the mysterious woman in the Apocalypse, who sat upon a scarlet-coloured beast, "full of names of blasphemy." But surely, one says on scrutinising the cover of this book, our Meg is not of this sort. Meg of the Scarlet Foot is portentous, and perhaps imprinted on our brain with uncanny distinctness, but she is, on the mere showing of her name, a person of too solid accomplishments either to entertain spies or to blaspheme. And the prediction seems well borne out when, after many moons, one lays down the volume and reckons the honesty of his investment. No false pretences, here. The title at once means something and is in tone.

It is a high-keyed, realistic tale of the Welsh colliers, brightened by such suggestions of mysticism and poetry as can attach to the beautiful birthmark on a young woman's foot. No doubt this is one of the many exquisite themes "resting in their enchanted sleep" in the Gælic and Cymric folk-lore. Although Mr. Tirebuck was born in Liverpool rather than among the Sleeping Beauties of Wales, for some years he has devoted himself to unearthing them; and in the present story, which is not marred as was *Miss Grace of All Souls'* by a discussion of the economic problems incidental to coal-getting and coal-owning, he has left no stone unturned to bring vividly home to the reader the praying, swearing, fiddling, and kissing propensities of the toil-stained inhabitants of Brink o' the Dale, where one tarries with something of the sensation, agreeable or otherwise, of having suddenly entered a roomful of absolute strangers. Apart from Meg's foot there is little that is "exquisite," little of the poetic shadowness which in-

Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By W. Edwards Tirebuck. New York: Harper & Bros., $1.50.

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forms, for example, Miss Fiona Macleod's rendering of Celtic dreams and legends. There is, however, a great deal that is rugged. Mr. Tirebuck ascribes to the Welsh character a pent-up fire of emotion and sentiment that finds equal expression in Calvinism and music. The Welsh have been called a marvellously self-contained race. Here, when their thought is once liberated, they are wordy and ruminative.

"My sakes! But he's a heart in him," murmured Tom.

"A heart deep down," added Tim.

"Aye," said Rollie, rolling over on his back and shading the sun from his eyes. "Aye, he has, only, confound it all, Ark's heart is so deep in him that it's down a sort o' 350-foot shaft, than up a two-mile mainway's, then down a dip, then up a jigger, then o'er a 'fault,' and then in a fiery two-foot skewwiff seam. Aye! an' he's so close, it would take a God Almighty explosion of the whole lad to find it!"

Tom and Tim chuckled.

Probably it is this talkiness which makes the story seem a trifle long-drawn and, like a sluggish stream, in need of banking. But better a splash of dialogue than profuse explanation of motives by the way, for thereby one is at least enabled to learn the inner workings of several curiously differentiated minds. They who aspire to the possession of Meg's hand (unfortunately the pre-nuptial idiom requires one to say hand) are carefully individualised in speech, taste, and personal appearance, and Meg is distinctly alive. One feels the pathos of her youthful query, "Is music only nice noise?" and of her being compelled to exhibit her blemish at country fairs as the "deadly lick of the well-known Vampire of the Rockies."

Indeed, this is an exceptionally honest volume. Its measure is pressed down and running over. For tragedy there is a drunken murder, and such accidents as can befall a mine so vividly described that one sees the flickering flares and feels the gassy density of the darkness. There is also an abundance of rollicking humour and, besides the mystical and pastoral element already alluded to, an infusion of musical and of religious interest which does not spread indeterminately as in Mr. Moore's and Mrs. Ward's recent novels. Moreover, the story is distinguished by that lushness of diction which we associate with "the eye of a fresh mind" and more especially with *The Forest Lovers*. That it lacks a certain unity, lavishly distributing effects where they should be concentrated, accounts in a way for the comparative weakness of its final impression.

The plot is boldly and quaintly symmetrical. Ark and Rollie and Owen all love Meg, and pair off to fight for her, first Ark and Owen, then Owen and Rollie. Again, there is a general drowning scene in which no one is drowned, and something like a general conflagration from which they all emerge alive. At this point one asks why the novelist, who is a god in his own world, does not more frequently withhold sudden death from others than his hero and heroine. Finally, with a frankness which puts to shame Mr. Hope's ingenuity in disposing of the Princess Osra's admirers, two of the three lovers are buried in a mine, Ark alone remaining; and although "her first kiss of womanly love" was delivered, some hundred pages previously, to a dying man, the father of three princesses with scarlet feet like her own, Meg is heartily glad to avail herself of Hobson's choice, as "Hobson" in this case has from early years been true to her and has become proficient in the pretty art of inditing love verses.

One is likewise impressed with Mr. Tirebuck's straightforward invention of details. The names of his characters have a coherency that, after the first shock, is delightful. Noah Millgate, the watchmaker whose deafness happily deterred him from hearing his own profanity, lived in a windmill, and Ark was his son. Brink o' the Dale is matched by Dale o' the Brink. Finally, as in all clever dialect stories, there are certain freakish twists of vocabulary which are very amusing and expressive. Precisely what a "dizzle-dazzle" or a "skitty Kitty" or a "twitch-twatch in the head" is, does not appear; but compared with such Cymric as *sut yr ydych chivi*, which is parenthetically translated "How are you?" in *A Welsh Idyll*, these verbal jingles are gratefully intelligible. Then, I like such verbs as "iffin'," "clockin'" and "dollify-up." Indeed, both Rollie Rondle and Bob, the travelling showman, exist solely by virtue of their gift of language.

George Merriam Hyde.

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AN INGENIOUS AND SUGGESTIVE SPECULATOR*

So long ago as 1871, Froude, in his famous address on Calvinism, at St. Andrews, used the following characteristic language: "At this very hour the ablest of living natural philosophers is looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies to solve the problem of the origin of man and prove his descent from an African baboon." The intellectual impatience so forcibly expressed by Froude at the tendency of scientists to force their investigations of all subjects back into the lowest realms of animal life, and to apply the results to all questions relating to the evolution of man and the evolution of institutions, is shared by many. In some fields such investigations are both proper and necessary; in others they are both useless and misleading. As this tendency has been particularly characteristic of sociological investigators, it is a great relief to find a sociologist stating as does Mr. Ward in this book, that "Civilisation is exclusively artificial and exclusively human."

Students of Sociology are familiar with the contents of Mr. Ward's book, as it is the reappearance in permanent form of his twelve papers contributed to the *American Journal of Sociology*. These articles, however, are not a series of disconnected essays, but a serious and successful effort to review the entire subject within the compass of a reasonably small volume and to state clearly in compact form, the author's theories elaborated, at great length, in his well known works entitled *Dynamic Sociology* and *The Psychic Factors of Civilisation*. The title of the book truly states its contents. It presents the outlines of Sociology both fully and attractively from the author's point of view, and is a clear exposition of the subject. Moreover, it is lucid in statement and strikingly suggestive, compelling thoughtful consideration of Mr. Ward's peculiar tenets on the part of those who radically differ from him.

The author discusses both the philosophy of Sociology,—"the relation of the subject to other subjects and to the known world in general,"—and the science of Sociology, "the view or theory of it as isolated or in itself." Under the first division he treats in separate chapters of the Place of Sociology among the Sciences, the Relations of Sociology to Cosmology, the Relation of Sociology to Biology, the Relation of Sociology to Anthropology, the Relation of Sociology to Psychology, and the Data of Sociology.

This portion of the book contains less of the author's peculiar theories on the subject than the succeeding division. It is less subject to criticism and will provoke less controversy. His chapter on "The Relation of Sociology to Psychology" is a clear exposition of the psychic basis of Sociology, of which he is one of the staunchest advocates and which he was among the first to expound. There will be a wide difference of opinion as to the correctness of his classification of pleasures which subordinates the moral to the intellectual pleasures. The order of these pleasures from the view point of necessity or of utility in an ethical civilisation must, it seems to us, place the moral pleasures in the first place; but the author insists that the moral pleasures are to be permanently subordinated to the intellectual. The book abounds with suggestions and striking phrases and illustrations; and this brilliancy sometimes proves a stumbling-block, as when "the discovery of truth" is described as an "act of intellectual parturition." Then too it may be questioned whether Aristotle was right in affirming that man is a social animal, or Mr. Ward is right in denying it. It is true he guards himself in the expression of his views by saying he is only *inclined* to the view that man is not *naturally* a social being; but certainly the data are not at hand, and it is altogether unlikely that they ever will be from which it can be determined whether the association of human beings led to the perception of the advantages thereof, or the perception of the advantages led to association. The fact of sex, which appeared with the race, and the

*Outlines of Sociology. By Lester F. Ward. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

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necessary relations growing out of it to offspring, seems to be conclusive that association to some extent must have been primal.

The second division of the book is devoted to the exposition of the author's theory of Social Science. In the opening chapter, entitled "The Social Forces" he seeks to find the primal datum or fundamental principle of the new science. This is not "the consciousness of kind" on which Professor Giddings bases his theory of the origin and development of society, nor "habit," which Mr. Jenks in his recent work *Law and Politics in the Middle Ages*, assumes as the primal Sociological datum, but "appetite," which is declared to be equivalent to "desire." He says,

> In short, *desire* taken in its widest sense, both positive and negative, is the real force in the sentient world. It is the dynamic agent in the animal world including the human species, and therefore constitutes the *social force*. It is essentially psychic, and this is the bond which lashes Sociology so directly and so firmly to psychology.

The working of this force are traced in the succeeding chapter, entitled "The Mechanics of Society," in which the terminology of mechanics and physics are used throughout; but notwithtsanding this form of expression the author insists that the only true basis of comparison between society and an animal organisation is psychical. "The Purpose of Sociology" is next considered, and it is declared to be "to accelerate social evolution."

"Social Genesis" is next discussed, and social progress is found to result "from the actions of men that directly flow from their efforts to satisfy their desires." In the first division of his work, Mr. Ward subdivides mind into sense and intellect; the former he defines as the affective side of the mind, relating exclusively to the subject, and the latter the perceptive side, revealing primarily the qualities of the object. Desire is purely subjective and is confined exclusively to the affective side of the mind. "All motives are desires, and the term which expresses the aggregate of desires is will." "The motor of the social world is will." "It is the *dynamic agent* in society." "To render this power effective a *directive agent* is required." This brings into operation the perceptive side of the mind, —the intellect,—and social organisation and its institutions are the results of will guided by the intellect. This intellectual guidance may be either individual, and therefore largely self-serving; or collective, and therefore wider in its blessings. Individual guidance of the social will,—for which the author has adopted the term individual telesis,—employs to accomplish its purposes ingenuity. Its effects are stated as follows: "Applied to me, individual telesis has the effect of creating artificial inequalities." Collective telesis, guidance of the social will, by the collective intelligence is, from the author's point of view, the hope of the world. The regeneration is to be accomplished by what we term "attractive legislation." Unfortunately, we are not favoured with any examples of such legislation, except by reference to the author's Dynamic Sociology and Psychic Factors. "The principle involved in attraction when applied to social affairs, is simply that of *inducing* men to act for the good of society." Individual Telesis and Collective Telesis are the closing chapters of the book, and are especially interesting, because they make clear the author's earnest conviction of the practical character of social science. It is insisted that Collective Telesis is to be the more potent factor in the future evolution of society, and of course the result is to be a society in which a high degree of regimentation prevails. This ultimate society the author styles Sociocracy, distinguished from Socialism by the fact, among other things, that it recognises natural inequalities, and from individualism by the fact, among other things, that it aims to abolish artificial inequalities. "Sociocracy would confer benefits in strict proportion to merit, but insists upon *equality of opportunity* as the only means of determining the degree of merit." Social regeneration it seems to us is not to be brought about by legislation, "attractive" or otherwise. Wise legislation is important and helpful. The essential is the moral progress of the individuals composing the social group. Legislation is but the registering of their moral or social standard on particular subjects, for the purpose of enforcing them until the moral sense of the community has reached that of the individ-

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uals who advocated and secured the legislation. When this has come to pass, the legislation is useless and repealed or forgotten. Juridical history has many proofs of this. The law against dueling, once on the statute books of most of the States, is an example. The moral sense of these communities has now come to the standard of those who secured the enactment of the law and it has been repealed or its existence is forgotten. The inconquerable atom of society,—the individual,—is not duly considered in most theories of social advancement, nor in that of Mr. Ward. The ethical progress of society must begin with the individual, and the function of legislation is to fix the standard to which the majority must be brought if the law is to be enforced.

Mr. Ward's *Dynamic Sociology* and *The Psychic Factors of Civilisation* have placed him in the fore-front of American sociologists, and these lectures will add to his reputation as an ingenious and suggestive speculator. Moreover, he is remarkably free from the dogmatism usually characteristic of those whose fortune it is to be pioneers in new realms of knowledge, and which called forth from Carlyle, in the case of the physicists of the last generation, the query, "And pray, gentlemen, when may you expect an order for a universe to come to your shop?" Mr. Ward takes pains to tell us that "there is no probability that any one can foretell what the real condition of society is to be in the future."

Edward M. Colie.

A DISPASSIONATE VIEW*

We are in the habit of thinking that the issues of the Civil War and Reconstruction are still too much alive to admit of fair historical criticism. Prepossession and prejudice still dominate. Two versions of history are taught in the schools in order that prepossession and prejudice may be passed on to posterity undiminished. School-book publishers in the North could give some interesting facts about the editorial activity of several Grand Army posts, and the patriots of the South are equally vigilant.

On each side of the line Professor Dunning's book would be promptly listed in the Index Librorum Prohibitorum, if it were ever popular enough to poison many minds; for Professor Dunning's treatment is more impartial than any that this subject has ever before received. It puts things, as Mr. Henry James says of it, in a "dry light." It is conceived and carried out with the rigour of a scientist and the aloofness of an angel. Should the author ever moralise in print over the bones of the States rights theory, the most we could expect would be something in the style of Locker's lines to a skull:

Whoever owned this skull was not so good,
Nor yet so bad, as many may have stated.

*Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction. By Prof. William Archibald Dunning. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The volume contains seven essays, of which all but two deal with the period of Civil War and Reconstruction. One of the objects of these papers is to show just what rents and gashes were made in the Constitution when it was being stretched to fit conditions for which it was not designed. For example, in his opening essay he shows that previous to the meeting of Congress in 1861 the President went wholly beyond his constitutional authority and assumed dictatorial powers by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus;* that Congress exceeded its constitutional powers by the Confiscation Act; and that the government violated the bill of rights by the exercise of the war power in loyal districts where the civil courts were in full operation. Many other instances of such violation are cited. They press, of course, to a conclusion which is not in the least novel:

> For a third time in a hundred years the conviction of a fact beat down the obstacles of established forms. The revolution of 1776 secured liberty; that of 1789 secured federal union; that of 1861-67, secured national unity.

But if the conclusion is not novel, the facts quoted to establish it and the things said by the way are very suggestive and interesting. On the subject of the Emancipation Proclamation, for instance, Professor Dunning says:

> The significance of this famous paper is

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generally misunderstood. As indicating the definitive adoption by the executive of a radical policy on a vital issue, the proclamation was of the highest importance: but it did not strike the shackles from a single slave. The proclamation did indeed declare the slaves in certain districts free: but as these districts were carefully defined so as to include only such as were under control of the Confederates, there could be no claim that the slaves were free in fact; and the basis of the proclamation was so formulated as entirely to preclude the contention that they were free in law.

Nothing of the passion of the time, nothing of the personality of the actors appears in the "dry light" of the author's discussion. Everything is as remote as if he were speaking of Athens under the Solonian constitution. To be sure, the work is merely a constitutional treatise; but the temptation to a stray comment here and there or an illuminating, if unsafe, generalisation on the wider bearings of the subject must have been hard to withstand. He is a true ascetic of political science, proof against all flesh-pots of the picturesque. Hence a boundless confidence on the part of the reader, even though that reader be the outermost layman.

Having shown how the Constitution was riddled by legislative and executive encroachments during the Civil War, he next tells how it fared in the period of Reconstruction. There could not be a clearer or more just account of the different theories of State status that were put forth during the discussion of reconstruction. And yet, though he clears them of all superfluous subleties, they seem to those of us who have grown up since the war, as metaphysical and complex as the arguments of the Schoolmen.

While varying infinitely in detail, these theories may be summarised, as to their fundamental principles, in five classes, which may be denominated: the Southern theory, the Presidential theory, the theory of forfeited rights, the theory of State suicide, and the conquered province theory. Of these the first two were based on the idea of the indestructibility of a State in our system, the last two on the contradictory assumption, while the third was in the nature of a compromise on this question.

He then goes on to outline each theory and shows in conclusion that the plan of reorganisation adopted by Congress was based on the forfeited rights theory, but with concessions to the conquered province idea and the theory of State suicide. Thus it was the old story of a compromise over again and the question of the indestructibility of the States was answered ambiguously.

What if it was? the benighted layman will naturally ask, when after floundering through a mass of juristic metaphysics he reaches at last a conclusion which he does not know what to do with. He will have to find that out for himself. The author is not framing a philosophy. He is merely writing a bit of legal history. He has either the self-repression or the limitations of a confirmed specialist. Probably he would be just as conscientious in tracing out an historical fact or condition whether it led anywhere or not. He has the scientific temper. He is a medium that does not refract.

Perhaps he is seen at his best in the essay on the trial and impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and at his worst in that on American political philosophy. The former is the clearest and most compact history of the famous trial that we have ever read. There can be no question here of utility or practical application. He makes it clear that the real principle involved was the co-ordinate position of the executive. "The single vote by which Andrew Johnson escaped conviction marks the narrow margin by which the Presidential element in our system escaped destruction."

But the essay on American political philosophy is hardly more than a series of attenuated book notes; it remains disappointing in spite of his warning sentence, "There is no American political philosophy."

C. M. Francis.

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LITERARY LONDON

The one subject of conversation among journalists has been the great fight between Messrs. Harmsworth and Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son over the new threepenny magazine which I was the first to announce. Messrs. Harmsworth have published a periodical not much less than the *Strand*, *Pearsons'* and the *Windsor* at the price of threepence. It is printed on good paper and well illustrated, while the contents, though not up to the mark of the older periodicals, are quite readable. Threepence leaves a very small margin for profit even though the circulation is large, and Messrs. Harmsworth have found themselves obliged to make a high charge to newsagents. Messrs. W. H. Smith decline to accede to these charges, and they are backed up by many newsagents in the country. They have taken the further step of refusing to sell the magazine at their bookstalls. They were willing to supply it to private customers who ordered it, but Messrs. Harmsworth would not hear of this. A very lively controversy has been the result, and has proved a splendid advertisement for the first number of the magazine, the best conceivable, for there is nothing that an Englishman likes so well as a fight. Sympathy is pretty well divided between the firms and many sympathise with neither. It is argued on the one side that Messrs. W. H. Smith have the monopoly, and that they have been somewhat arbitrary and tyrannical in using their great power. So far as my personal experience goes this is not true. Considering the immense number of new periodicals that start and die, they have seemed to me to act with impartiality, and even with great consideration. But people complain that books and periodicals are sold at net prices, and that the profit is too great. To this Messrs. Smith reply that their expenses are very great, and doubtless they are. They have to pay very large sums to the railway companies, and to keep up a numerous staff. Nevertheless there is no doubt that plenty of people would be glad to take up their business and manage it well for £5,000 a year, and railway directors cannot afford to be indifferent to their dividends, but must eke them out in every conceivable way. Against Messrs. Harmsworth it is urged, chiefly it must be owned by his rivals, that he should not have spoiled the magazine trade. He is already very wealthy, but cannot in the best of circumstances make much out of this new venture, and it will be a misfortune if magazine publication is made unprofitable. For such arguments the public care nothing. They have no sympathy with men of business, and are always glad to pay less than they have been paying. How the battle will end it is hazardous to predict, but I do not think Messrs. W. H. Smith will give way. As I write rumours reach me of changes in the sixpenny magazines, that one is to be greatly enlarged, and that another is to be filled with coloured pictures. If I were the proprietor of any of the threatened magazines I should reduce the magazine somewhat, and make the price threepence halfpenny, and give better terms to the trade. One cannot help feeling some sympathy with the newsagents. They have succeeded to some extent in making the prices net, that is, a sixpenny magazine is sold for sixpence, and not for fourpence halfpenny. The chances are that they will lose this ground in the new competition, for the proprietors of sixpenny magazines will certainly wish that their periodicals should be sold for fourpence halfpenny, and the public will certainly be most unwilling to pay the increased price. Perhaps the result of the whole will be a reduction in the price of magazines, but it is quite safe to say that they will not be reduced to threepence. That price is too low, and there is no chance whatever that advertisements can be obtained in sufficient numbers and at a sufficient price to make it remunerative.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who has now a fine house in Berkeley Square, next Lord Rosebery's, is personally very popular, and is undoubtedly a man of genius. He is very ably supported by his brothers, and has an insatiable and Napoleonic

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passion for conquest. He is full of projects for breaking out into new directions, and one of his schemes which will probably be carried out in the winter is a Sunday newspaper which will run in opposition to *Lloyds's* newspaper. *Lloyds's* has now the largest circulation of any periodical in this country, considerably over a million a week. It is magnanimous, to say the least, of Messrs. Lloyds's journal, the *Daily Chronicle*, to support Mr. Harmsworth in this struggle against Messrs. W. H. Smith. There is a rumour that Messrs. Harmsworth may endeavour to take the bookstall business from Messrs. Smith. It is doubtful, however, whether newspaper proprietors as a whole would allow this, and it seems reasonable that a firm with this monopoly should not themselves be proprietors of any newspaper.

Mr. G. W. Cable by the time this reaches you will be back in America. He did me the honour of spending his last night in my house, and expressed himself in the kindest manner on his reception in England, and his favourable impression of our country. I was much struck by Mr. Cable's grasp of the political situation. He thoroughly understood the mighty popular sympathy felt here towards America. Another American author whom I met the other day found a different feeling among some frequenters of a music hall, and would not be persuaded that these people do not represent us in the very smallest degree. I should think no American author who has visited England of late has seen so much of our society as Mr. Cable. He has been warmly welcomed and entertained by many of our most distinguished people—in fact the kindness shown has been without limit. Unfortunately his readings have been confined to private houses. It would not be possible for anyone to get large public gatherings at this season of the year, but if Mr. Cable chooses to dare the wintry terrors of our climate, he will without difficulty find large and enthusiastic audiences all over the country. Mr. Cable has been able to make less progress with his new novel than he had anticipated, his friends having left him little time, but he has been able to keep a very full diary, some extracts from which may shortly be given to the public.

A committee of the Publishers' Association has drawn up a suggested form for agreements between authors and publishers. This has been very severely criticised by the *Author*, which has in fact devoted a whole number to the subject. It is unfortunate that the document was issued without full consideration from the publishers as a whole, for there are certainly some very weak points which will have to be altered. If an English publisher handles the American rights of an English author he is quite entitled to charge a commission for his trouble, just as an agent does, but I do not see that he is entitled to charge more than an agent would. As a matter of fact English literary agents handle the American market well at a charge of ten per cent. on the author's royalty. Publishers themselves ought to make an arrangement like this. The practice is growing more and more rapidly of mutual arrangements between English and American publishers, and a publisher can often handle a book at least quite as well as an agent, while the American publisher is generally willing to undertake the responsibility of serial publication. Another weak joint in the agreement is that relating to the dramatising of a story. It seems to me that an author has full rights in that matter and a publisher none. The dramatic rights are either worth nothing or they are worth a fortune. If they are worth nothing they should not be included; if they are worth a fortune the publisher will get considerable compensation by the additional sale of the novel. If publishers are wise they will adapt themselves to the new conditions, and recognise that now the publisher seeks the author. Of old the author sought the publisher, but we have changed all that. I am bound to say that while no exception can be taken to the tone of Mr. Thring's criticism in the *Author*, Sir Walter Besant does not appear to me to have stated his case with the desirable moderation. He is of opinion that publishers are useless. This is, to say the least, open to doubt. I question whether the Authors' Society, if it took up publishing, would find it quite so simple and profitable a matter as Sir Walter Besant thinks—in fact there is nothing I should like better than to see the balance sheet of a year's publishing

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conducted by Sir Walter Besant and the Author's Society.

On the whole there has been a better spring and summer season than was anticipated, and it has been especially good the latter part of the summer. Of the new authors there are three at least who have achieved a distinct success. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in her novel *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* has shown great brilliancy. She is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, formerly Secretary for India, and numbers among her intimate friends some of the brightest people in London. She is herself a very brilliant talker, and has made her book delightful reading. It has gone off very rapidly, and is still selling well. I doubt whether Messrs. Mudie have ordered so many copies of any recent novel. Another writer of great promise is Miss Gwendoline Keats, who writes under the pseudonym "Zack." She was, I believe, a discovery of Mr. Blackwood, and her book, *Life is Life*, is a collection of short stories. To my mind by far the best of these are contained in the last seventy pages, and by far the worst is the first. Miss Keats, however, does not agree in this view, and she thinks that others may end by changing their minds. She was born in Devonshire some thirty years ago, and only recently took to literature. Long ago she wrote a play, and is now engaged in writing another. The third author I would mention is Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whose book *The Forest Lovers* possesses great literary charm. If Mr. Hewlett can be said to follow any one, his master is Mr. William Morris. But he puts more humanity into his stories than Morris, and his style is simpler and clearer. As he is yet a young man great things may be expected from him in the future.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play, *Two Kinds of Women*, was written, I believe, before *The Little Minister*, and will show Mr. Barrie's versatile genius in a new aspect. The extraordinary success of *The Little Minister* as a play was maintained to the very end of the season.

Ian Maclaren is working hard at his book of stories of self-sacrifice which will appear in the autumn and will probably be entitled *Afterwards*. He has also finished his *Life of the Master*.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

That I do not open this letter by the statement that Zola remains the most conspicuous man of letters in France, is due simply to the fact that nobody seems to know whether Zola at the present moment is in or out of France. But his conspicuousness, strange to say, is no less certain than his invisibility. His trials will form a very interesting chapter, not only in his literary and political history, but also in the history of legal procedure. At the present time no less than four different sets of proceedings are going on in which he figures as principal. There is first, the judgment of the Court of Assizes at Versailles, sentencing him to one year imprisonment and a fine, which he can object to as soon as he has allowed it to be served to him *in persona;* second, his appeal to the Court of Cassation against the decisions of the Versailles court in the preliminary stages of the trial; third, the proceedings before the Court of Appeals of Paris due to the fact that the judgment of the lower court in the suit for defamation of character brought against Zola by the experts in handwritings in the Esterhazy trial was appealed against, both by the plaintiffs and defendants, as too lenient, according to the former, and unjust, according to the latter; and finally there is the suit brought by Zola himself against M. Judet, of the *Petit Journal*, who recently stated that Zola's father had been expelled from the French army as guilty of theft, and traced to that fact the animus shown by the son against the French officers. I ought also to mention that there are proceedings before the Council of the Legion of Honour which have just resulted in a temporary suspension of

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Zola's rights as a member of the Order, to be made final if the judgment of the Versailles court is allowed to stand.

I need not tell you that Zola does not stand alone. Already one member of the order, Jules Barbier, the well-known dramatic writer, whose most noted work is the libretto of *Faust*, has written to the High Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, resigning his rank as an officer of the Order; and about eighty writers have published a volume with the following title: *Livre d'Hommage des Lettres à Emile Zola.* But I cannot say that these eighty writers are all men of great celebrity. In fact few names of renown are found outside of the editing committee itself, which contains Madame Séverine, Messieurs Clérmenceau, Rane, Mirbeau, Maeterlinck, etc. Among the contributors I find the name of one Englishman, David Christie Murray.

Great homage has been paid this month to another French writer. The celebration of Michelet's centennial, which I mentioned in my last letter, culminated in two great ceremonies, one in the Pantheon, the other before the Paris Hôtel de Ville. In the former, on July 13, in the presence of the President of the Republic, of Madame Michelet, and of all *le monde officiel,* eulogies of Michelet were delivered by the brilliant Minister of Public Instruction, M. Léon Bourgeois, and by Dr. Navarre, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, songs of the French revolution were rendered with great effect by the orchestra and chorus of the Conservatoire, and delegations of the Paris *lycées* and public schools marched past the bust of the great historian. It was, on the whole, a very impressive pageant.

The Hôtel de Ville ceremony was of a popular character. The city government had decided that the people of the great city would be symbolised in an elected muse who would offer the homage of the lowly to their great advocate. A young workingwoman, Mlle. Léonie Curot, was elected to perform that task and very gracefully acquitted herself.

Another and more serious homage to the memory of Michelet has been the reprinting of nearly the whole of his voluminous set of complete works, partly by Calmann Lévy, partly by Flammarion.

France, moreover, is not yet through celebrating the memory of her great writers. Next month, in Brittany, there will be a great celebration in honor of Chateaubriand, who died fifty years ago, in 1848. The exact date of his death was July 4; the celebration, however, was postponed until August, as it was thought there was better chance then of fine weather around the rock of the Grand Bé, near St. Malo, where the great writer is buried, and which is to be the scene of part of the celebration.

Among forthcoming events of literary importance I must give the first place to the issuing of the great history of France which is being prepared under the editorship of Professor Lavisse. The first volume to be published will be the one that is devoted to the reign of Louis XIV. and which is entirely the work of the editor. It will be followed by the second volume of the work, which deals with Gaul under the Romans, the author of which is Professor Gustave Bloch. The whole work, as you know, will form eight huge volumes and the firm of Hachette and Company expects that not more than three years will elapse between the appearance of Professor Lavisse's volume and the completion of the undertaking. After much discussion it was decided that at least in the first editions the work will not be illustrated.

Another interesting work will soon be published by the same firm. It is the volume relating to Voltaire, in the collection of monographs known as the *Collection des Grands Ecrivains Français.* Years have passed by since the volumes relating to the other great French writers of the eighteenth century were first published, namely, Albert Sorel's *Montesquieu,* Authur Chuquet's *Jean Jacques Rousseau,* Joseph Reinach's *Diderot,* etc. It seemed much harder to find a man of letters willing to compress in two hundred pages the most essential things that had to be said about Voltaire. Brunetière tried his hand at it, and gave up in despair. A bolder, or, perhaps, rasher, man has been found in Professor Joseph Texte, who, though young, has already become an authority on eighteenth century literature. His volume is expected to appear before long. We have just had from him a very interesting volume of *Etudes de Littérature Européenne.*

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Another work relating to the eighteenth century deserves to be especially mentioned. I allude to Professor Espinas's *La Philosophie Sociale du Dix-Huitième Siècle et la Révolution.* Seriously minded readers will not regret the time spent over that rather tough volume.

Other readers may safely turn, for enjoyment, to Henri Lavedan's last production, *Les Beaux Dimanches.* It is as bright, and as mercilessly satirical as anything he ever wrote. By the way, I hear that Lavedan is now almost sure to be elected a member of the French Academy when that august body resumes balloting for the choice of a successor to Henri Meilhac. The chances of Lavedan's former competitors, Emile Faguet and Paul Hervien seem to have grown beautifully smaller since the first day of balloting. But he will have a new competitor in Georges de Porto-Riche.

Those who are interested not merely in the contents of books, but in the innumerable details of the making of them have had here this month a real treat. The National printing office has just issued the first installment of a magnificently gotten-up work which its present head, ex-prefect Christian, determined upon as its contribution to the great World's Fair of 1900, namely, a complete history of printing, from Gutenberg's discovery to our own days. The *Imprimerie Nationale* possesses what is perhaps the finest and most complete collection of type in the world. It is therefore admirably equipped for the preparation of the work planned by its manager. The two volumes just issued deal with printing in France during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the author is M. A. Claudin.

A book of that kind is expected to contain a good deal of good about the country in which it is issued. But the French seem to be pretty well cured of the fault of saying of themselves nothing except what is laudatory. It seems to me, even, that they are going now rather far in the opposite direction. Seldom has a writer spoken as severely of his own country as M. Gaston Routier has done in his recently published *Grandeur et Déeadence des Français.* From no work has ever national vanity been so completely absent. And the book is eagerly read by thousands, a rather remarkable sign of anxiety to know one's own faults, possibly to correct them.

If not national, at least personal vanity is certainly visible, and even prominent, in Emile Ollivier's third volume on the Second Empire, *Napoléon III.* The book, in spite of this fault, is extremely interesting, full of hitherto unknown anecdotes and unpublished documents.

The month has been far from barren as far as novels are concerned. No less than three deserve to be especially mentioned, on account of their superior value. First, a novel by Bourget, who seemed to have deserted literary production for quite a while. Its rather curious title is *La Duchesse Bleue,* and its success is shown by the fact that less than a week after its first appearance already fifteen thousand copies have been sold.

Next I shall name Edouard Rod's *Le Ménage du Pasteur Naudié,* a very interesting study of French Protestant clerical life. It is certainly one of Rod's best works, perhaps his best.

The Rosny brothers, under their usual signature of J. H. Rosny, have given us a charming, sentimental, and thoroughly unobjectionable narrative, *Les Retours du Cœur.* For the first time here on the title page of the book an author's name is followed by the words, "*De l'Académie des Goncourts.*" But the "Academy," in spite of that mention, is not yet an established fact. It is likely to be so, however, before long. It has just been made public that Edmond de Goncourt's executors, Henrique and Léon Daudet, have agreed to pay over a certain amount to their friend's disinherited relatives, and that the appeal against the judgment sustaining the will is to be withdrawn. Those who remember the fate of the Tilden will are not likely to question the wisdom of their action.

François Coppée's last work, *La Bonne Souffrance,* is not a novel. It is made up of the articles which were published by him during his long illness. It is a record of suffering courageously borne and ennobled by lofty thoughts. Many will disagree with a large part of his utterances, but the book is decidedly attractive, on account of its evident sincerity.

Two curious books are to be noted among the latest contributions to literary history and criticism, *Trois Grandes Fig-*

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ures, by Stéfane Pol, the three writers here studied being George Sand, Flaubert and Michelet; and an exquisitely made collection of minor poems of the seventeenth century, *Cent Poètes Lyriques, Précieau ou Burlesques du Dix-Septième Siècle*, by Paul Olivier.

Of course the drama does not give us much in summer; still one item has to be mentioned, the appearance as a dramatist of an artist hitherto known only as a talented sculptor, Paul Fournier. L'Athénée Comique gave two plays by him on the same evening, *L'Honorable* and *Colliques*, and both have been fairly successful.

The most interesting dramatic event of the month, however, has been the annual prize competition of the tragedy and comedy students in the Conservatoire. The broadening of French taste was shown by the fact that out of ten scenes of tragedy acted on the occasion six were by Racine and the other four by—Shakespeare. I need hardly say that the scenes of comedy, no less than twenty-four, were all by French dramatists.

Adolphe Cohn.

LOVE'S PERFECT DAWN

Weary was I with journeying. Long days
I travelled sadly o'er Life's hot highways.
So tired were my feet, and oh, my heart
Was burning 'neath the sting of sorrow's smart.
I was alone; no pilgrim walked with me,
No soul with mine bore the long misery.
I said, "If only Love would come one day
How sweet would be my path, how white the way!
A hand in mine to help me bear the pain,—
Ah, then my loss would be but golden gain!"
Still on I journeyed, lonely and apart,
Possessing only this, a vacant heart,
And watching for the light of Love to shine
Over my pathway, even over mine.
At length I met (it was at dusk of day)
A spirit who was old and bent and gray;
And as I saw her, hushed became my breath,
For well I knew it was the ghost called Death.
"Leave me," I cried, "a little time, that I
May find the love in life before I die.
Give my poor heart a year to journey on
That it may find, perchance, Love's perfect dawn."
Death smiled and spake,—"Oh come with me, and thou
Shalt find what thy heart vainly seeketh now.
Wouldst thou have Love? Then follow where I tread,
For I am Love, yea, I am Love," she said.

Charles Hanson Towne.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE TERROR. By Félix Gras. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

M. Gras'. new story lacks the freshness of *The Reds of the Midi*, in which the often told tale of the march of the Battalion from Marseilles to Paris is heard for the first time from the inside. There is a loss also in the change in the form of the narrative. In *The Reds of the Midi* the story is told in the first person, deriving no doubt a good deal of its dramatic effect from that fact. Moreover, the youth and the innocence of the narrator have much to do with the charm of the work. He is really only a country lad, notwithstanding that he marches as one of the terrible Reds, and he sees the unspeakable spectacle of the French Revolution with a child's eyes. So that in the first story with all the horror of its unconscious revelations there is much sweetness, beauty and grace, making the work an artistic delight.

In *The Terror* all this is changed. The boy has disappeared. The man who takes his place speaks at second hand and with greatly lessened effect, telling boldly the too well known story of violence and blood that the world has shrunk from for a hundred years. Telling it, too, with a minuteness of detail hardly to be endorsed in fiction and absolutely unjustifiable. It would seem indeed as if the author revolted from his task. The work shows painful effort and moves more and more heavily until it becomes almost as hard to read as it must have been to write. Nor is there any appreciable advancement or development of the original story. There is scarcely another glimpse of Pascatel, the young soldier so vividly alive in *The Reds of the Midi*. Adeline, the young aristocrat whom Pascatel loves, does not become more real in this than in the earlier work where she is never more than a shadow. There is indeed scarcely any attempt at character drawing. The figures stand as far-off types of that terrible time and are only indistinctly seen through the fire and fury of the Revolution. The love between Pascatel and Adeline is vaguest and farthest off of all, although it figures in the prologue as the motive of the sequel. Moreover, the author lacks the courage of his intention at the last and leaves the union between the peasant and the patrician to be inferred.

Nothing in this book recalls the beauty and distinction of M. Gras' earlier work, except the admirable simplicity of its style. Yet this in itself is fine enough to cause the wish that something else may soon come from him having nothing to do with sequels.

VIA LUCIS. By Kassandra Vivaria. New York: George H. Richmond & Son. $1.50.

Without dilating on the ineffable charm which the portrait of an aspiring young author exercises, or is designed to exercise, on the jaded mind of a reviewer, and only wishing that "Kassandra Vivaria" were as real and tangible as Lloyd Mifflin and some others who masquerade ideally under no assumed name, we will proceed at once to the consideration of Arduina, Signorina Vivaria's heroine, whose devious, lovelorn life appeals more powerfully to our sympathies than could any portrait. Before the story is well on, in more than a merely poetical sense Arduina's little body was aweary of this great world, for her father used to beat her so often that she found it convenient to keep the record of his beatings in the columns of a note-book. Soon, however, we read that she "sprang at a bound from the flatness of her half-dilettante paganism to strenuous efforts at contemplative prayer." This was while she was immured in a convent, and before she met the torpedo-boat captain whom she loved, and on whose dark uniform "the nails of her white fingers gleamed like milky agates in the bed of a moonlit stream." As will have been perceived, she did not meet him all at once. First, their eyes met, then their fingers, and he sententiously told her that her hair was like his mother's. Then they went for a stroll on the beach or walked in the cool of the shadowy garden; and there was much effusive kissing, the description of which is exceedingly minute and graphic. Finally she learned from a Catholic priest that human love was but a paste diamond, and betook herself to a nunnery, meekly saying that she would "give him up." But after three hair-fading years of self-flagellation and disillusionment, she found that she "loved him still;" and under the roof of Prospero, who was now married, the kissing was resumed, for "we are not all saints." While there is no possibility of condensing a five-hundred page novel into a few catch-words, we hope that we have at least indicated the character of this book, and may now be permitted to discuss its style. We read of a "curious lassitude" that "dislocated" Arduina's bones, of a "grubby" curtain and a "morose" sofa, not to mention a "mouth that was a violent blood-streak." Yet with all its exuberance and crudities, there are scenes of real emotional force in this story, and we shall doubtless hear from d'Annunzio's protégée again; for there is promise in her youth. Had *Via Lucis* been condensed and then polished by a competent hand, we should have something worthy of Signorina's models, who are obviously Ouida and d'Annunzio.

IN THE SARGASSO SEA. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Once it was customary for believers in a New York Bohemia to refer inquiring young minds to Mr. Janvier's sketches of local art life, wherein the real and ideal were so happily blended, and "unconventional" people were so thoroughly washed and re-

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fined, that in their company one could think as highly of himself as he ought to think, or as he would if he had been a frequenter of the Quartier Latin in the fifties. If there was fear, for a time, that the antiquarian spirit would sit too snugly on Mr. Janvier's shoulders after he had sought to restore its glamour to old New York, *In the Sargasso Sea*, which is nearly as far removed from reality as Mr. Stockton's *Wreck of the Thomas Hyke*, shows that this fear was groundless and points the futility of expecting natural sequences in an author's development. This can hardly be called a novel, yet so fresh is its theme, and so constant its appeal to the love of mystery and of the unknown, that one does not wish it condensed into a short story. Given a weed-covered Sargasso Sea, with a desolate waste of "dead" ships tangled and crushed together, or a Dead Man's Sea, as the sailors call it, and its literary discoverer need only invent his hero's fate and Crusoe-like deliverance, and then expand the intervening pages to any length by describing his uncanny exploration of the wreck-pack. Mr. Janvier's hero, who, thrown overboard for declining to coöperate with the captain of a slave-trader, had climbed upon a derelict, jumped from deck to deck and soon found himself among the hulks of a half century ago—sloops of war manned by bleached, shattered skeletons and Spanish galleons loaded with gold and jewels. What with musty flour and scraps of salted meat and "bean-sausages" of his own devising, and the skipper's choicest wines, he managed to support life until he could piece together a steam launch, stowed away in one of the more modern ships, and get it afloat. That Mr. Janvier has succeeded in investing his tale with an atmosphere of loneliness is shown by the interest which attaches to the almost human companionship of a black cat, which with a "gurgling purr" had spied him from between-decks. Indeed, this cat is so wise and real as to be a considerable menace to the heroic narrator, whose intelligence is, we suspect, purposely restricted to give an element of surprise and wonder to the more commonplace experiences which confronted him. Had Defoe been writing this tale, we fancy he would have invented a greater variety of wreckage, and not harped so continuously on smells, and the canned foods which were instrumental in the exile's survival. Would we, then, have him subsist on angel food? it may be asked. By no means; we wish merely to intimate that the tale is overfreighted with the everlasting question of diet. diet.

THE HUNDRED AND OTHER STORIES. By Gertrude Hall. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The question which is of overpowering moment to the critical mind on perusing this volume may be couched in the author's own words: "Is it freaks, Sally? Oh, tell me if it's freaks!" For here are five short stories, so differing from one another in quality as to appear, when collected, to be the merest samples, no one of which is sufficiently distinctive to warrant enthusiastic endorsement. "The Hundred," a Christmas story for children, is very good in its way, but there is no real advantage in the enigmatical concealment of the meaning of the title; and as admirably as the opening lines reflect the capricious behaviour of a woman who, according to her own confession, had been "abominably brought up," they, too, attune the reader's expectation to a sort of story that is not forthcoming. "The Passing of Spring" is such a romance as the late Thomas Wharton might have embellished with every refinement of sentiment and expression. If Miss Hall were able consistently to maintain this tone through a volume, she would command an immediate hearing—and probably be hailed by criticasters as an imitator of Mr. Le Gallienne. "Paula in Italy" ends grotesquely; "Dorastus," the longest, is deficient in dialogue and weighed down with sketch-work, and the last, so far as it doth appear, is an obscure phantasietta, which one might long hesitate to classify with such work as was published in the volume *Far From To-day*. There are several journalistic mannerisms against which we may venture to caution Miss Hall. "Which may make supposed that he was a youth of some boldness" is a copper-toed sentence; and that " her hair claimed all the attention a man had to give, did her shining hair" is a fact the mere mention of which is sufficiently disturbing. As to the cook "with face like a pleasant copper saucepan, rosy and shining and round"—we never saw one, and question if it exists.

THE DURKET SPERRET. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

Rarely does a story reveal at once such palpable defects and excellences. Its dialect—that of the Tennessee mountaineers—is sufficiently intelligible to be amusing, witness nummine for "never mind" and misewill for "might as well," and has, moreover, the appearance of painstaking accuracy. Grandmother "Martily" Warren, whose "Durket sperret" remained all but unbroken to the end, is convincingly drawn, and so, in lesser degree, is Hannah Warren—who should, however, have been the more absorbing figure. Some of her characteristics are of a kind to bring her vividly to mind; when among her superiors at the "University" she sat on the edge of the chair, and the way in which she said "taters" was lovely, as is somewhere remarked. But precisely what happened to her when she was waitress in the professor's family at the University, what was her undoing, or who undid her, or whether indeed she was undone at all, is a matter which Miss Elliott, either through a sense of literary inadequacy or through Anglo-Saxon prudishness, has refrained from explicating. We see the sullen Si Durket pressing his suit even to the point of building a house for his bride, and finally withdrawing like the familiar railway functionary with his "Last Call to the Dining Car"; we see, too, a good deal of an undergraduate who is interested in Hannah. And then we read, on page 181, that "Melville said that Cartright had influenced Agnes into dis-

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missing Hannah—it was this that had ruined the girl." Surely more effort should have been taken to clear up the matter. Lucidity is of first importance, and no amount of succulent dialect can atone for clumsy construction.

ARACHNE. By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Two volumes, 75 cents each.

Scholarly, wholesome, diffuse are some of the adjectives which one who cannot wholly enjoy Dr. Ebers's novels is likely to apply to them. While by no means as absorbing as *Uarda* and *An Egyptian Princess*, the present story has many merits which will commend it to the elect. It revives Alexandrian life of the third century before Christ—the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus and his sister-wife. It skilfully combines an artistic and a love motive in the person of the sculptor Hermon, whose blindness, inflicted through the jealousy of Ledscha, a Biamite girl, for his cousin Daphne whom he loved, was cured by the treatment of Tabus, a sorceress, and of the famous leech Erasistratus. To all of these personages, and also a dancer named Althea, who is not essential to the plot, a certain interest attaches; and the rivalry of Hermon with a fellow sculptor, Myrtilus, whose statue of Demeter redounded by mistake to the former's credit, widens the plot and in a measure atones for the continual postponement of the inception of Hermon's Arachne, about which, through the two volumes, he is incessantly talking but which he never so much as begins, apart from searching for models. One feels that the story is misnamed, and that it is, after all, an ingenious attempt to harmonise materials that can at best make only patchwork. Mrs. Safford's translation, as in the juxtaposition of "jealous displeasure" and "zealous assiduity," is not always euphonious or precisely idiomatic.

SILENCE AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

To describe Miss Wilkins's stories we borrow Miss Wilkins's phrase: they are "full of a grave and delicate stateliness." Their manner recalls that of some of her earliest and most excellent work—such as "A Far-Away Melody," and its companions—but shows, to our thinking, a distinct increase in power. They are not the kind of tale to be rushed through at breathless speed. They deserve and repay careful reading. The descriptions have a firm and cameo-like clearness. There is not a word of exaggeration, not a word out of place. They bear reading over and over again. The pathos is deep and tender, the more affecting because of the noble restraint of language. The writer does not throw herself and her whole stock of emotions at the reader's head. She gives an impression all through of reserve force. There are passages of quaint and touching humour, too, here and there—concerning Persis, for example, whose "very soul flagged" over the task of reproducing a landscape in cross-stitch, till at last an impious wish leaped up in her docile heart.

The stories are chiefly about women, and about women of a strong and true womanliness, with whom dignity was an instinct and affectation an impossibility. It is a pleasure to read such a book, and a pleasure to recommend it to others. Perhaps it will be most highly appreciated by those who have tried to write themselves. We would strongly advise literary aspirants to read it. It belongs to the class of work which is at once their delight and their despair.

SOME NOTES OF A STRUGGLING GENIUS. By G. S. Street. Bodley Booklets, No. 4. New York: John Lane. 35c.

Mr. Street's *Struggling Genius* is nearly as amusing as his "Boy," whose bland autobiography opened our eyes very wide a few years ago. The Genius is not so bold and irresponsible a person as the Boy, however. He would fain act the part of the law-abiding citizen, of the healthy athletic Englishman, of the earnest-minded seeker; but circumstances are against him. He takes you into his confidence in the most fascinating way, puts his case candidly, appealingly, till you are ready to soothe him with the echo of his own conclusions—that if you behave with decency to the world and society, there is no time left for work; that a career and a goal are impossible for such as respect their imagination; and that when you have yawned vigorously in intellectual society or in the gallery in the House of Commons, you have done all for your body that even an athletic age can ask of you. The fooling is light and pleasant; and Mr. Street knows when to stop. But the papers "On Writing an Article" and "On Distinguished People" we have applauded as seriously as if they had been dull disquisitions.

AT YOU-ALL'S HOUSE. By James Newton Basket. New York: Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Here is a little book which is unique. It is a simple story of Missouri country life. There is nothing remarkable in its scenery, in its incidents, or in its characters. Yet it has a flavour of its own which is fresh, kindly, and wholesome. For one thing it keeps us nearly all the time in the open air; for another, it is a study in youthfulness. Shan was barely twenty and "he was a boy who wondered." He watched the ways of birds and beasts in the Missouri fields, and wondered about them and about many other things—about everything that came in his way, in fact. And he had three good friends to help him with his wondering. There was the young schoolmistress, some half-dozen years older than himself, whose conversation was an education to him, as his was an inspiration to her. Then there was Mildred, somewhat younger than Miss Winnie of the school-house, and the faithful friend and confidante of all the youths in the district. "Fer sociability and feller-feelin,' fer all ther love-yer-neighbour-as-yer-self sort of goodwill," they all loved Mildred Watkins. And then there was seventeen-year-old Dolly—— But to find out all that Dolly was to Shan we advise the reader to turn to the book itself. He will find there Nature, frank and innocent, as the setting for a charming rural idyll.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

By Neil Munro,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the seven of us, Stewart was the only one with a notion of the lie of the country. He had bought cattle in the glen, and he had borrowed (as we may be putting it) in the same place, and a man with the gifts of observation and memory, who has had to guess his way at night among foreign clans and hills with a drove of unwilling and mourning cattle before him, has many a feature of the neighbourhood stamped upon his mind. Stewart's idea was that to-night we might cross Glencoe, dive into one of the passes that run between the mountains called the Big and the Little Herdsmen, or between the Little Herd and Ben Fhada, into the foot of the forest of Dalness, then by the corries through the Black Mount of Bredalbane to Glenurchy. Once on the Brig of Urchy, we were as safe, in a manner, as on the shores of Loch Finne. On Gordon's map this looks a very simple journey, that a vigorous mountaineer could accomplish without fatigue in a couple of days if he knew the drove-roads; but it was a wicked season for such an enterprise, and if the Dame Dubh's tale was right (as well enough it might be, for the news of Argile's fall would be round the world in a rumour of wind), every clan among these valleys and hills would be on the hunting-road to cut down broken men seeking their way back to the country of MacCailein Mor. Above all was it a hard task for men who had been starving on a half-meal drammock for two or three days. I myself felt the hunger gnawing at my inside like a restless red-hot conscience. My muscles were like iron, and with a footman's feeding could have walked to Inneraora without more than two or three hours' sleep at a time; but my weakness for food was so great that the prospect before me was appalling.

It appalled, indeed, the whole of us. Fancy us on barren hills, unable to venture into the hamlets or townships where we had brought torch and pike a few days before; unable to borrow or to buy, hazarding no step of the foot without a look first to this side and then to yon, lest enemies should be up against us. Is it a wonder that very soon we had the slouch of the gangrel and the cunning aspect of the thief? But there's something in gentle blood that always comes out on such an occasion. The baron-bailie and Neil Campbell, and even the minister, made no ado about their hunger, though they were suffering keenly from it; only the two tacksmen kept up a ceaseless grumbling.

M'Iver kept a hunter's ear and eye alert at every step of our progress. He had a hope that the white hares, whose footprints sometimes showed among the snow, might run, as I have seen them do at night, within reach of a cudgel; he kept a constant search for badger-hamlets, for he would have dug from his sleep that gluttonous fat-haunched rascal who gorges himself in his own yellow moontime of harvest. The hare nor badger fell in our way.

The moon was up, but a veil of grey cloud overspread the heavens and a frosty haze obscured the country. A clear cold hint at an odour of spring was already in the air, perhaps the first rumour the bush gets that the sap must rise. Out of the haze now and then, as we descended to the valley, there would come the peculiar cry of the red-deer, or the flaff of a wing, or the bleat of a goat. It was maddening to be in the neighbourhood of the meal that roe, or bird, or goat would offer, and yet be unable to reach it.

Thus we were stumbling on, very weary, very hungry, the man with the want in a constant wail, and Sonachan lamenting for suppers he had been saucy over in days of rowth and plenty, when a light oozed out of the grey-dark ahead of us, in the last place in the world one would look for any such sign of humanity.

We stopped on the moment, and John Splendid went ahead to see what lay in the way. He was gone but a little when he came back with a hearty accent to tell us that luck for once was ours.

"There's a house yonder," said he, talking English for the benefit of the cleric; "it has a roaring fire and every sign of comfort, and it's my belief there's no one at home within but a woman and a few bairns. The odd thing is that as I get a look of the woman between the door-post and the wall, she sits with her back to the cruisie-light, patching clothes and crooning away at a dirge that's broken by her tears. If it had been last week, and our little adventures in Glencoe had brought us so far up this side of the glen, I might have thought she had suffered something at our hands. But we were never near this tack-house this week, so the housewife's sorrow, whatever it is, can scarcely be at our door. Anyway," he went on, "here are seven cold men, and weary men and hungry men too (and that's the worst of it), and I'm going to have supper and a seat, if it's the last in the world."

"I hope there's going to be no robbery about the affair," said the minister, in an apparent dread of rough theft and maybe worse.

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M'Iver's voice had a sneer in every word of it when she answered in a very affected tongue of English he was used to assume when he wished to be at his best before a Saxon.

"Is it the logic of your school," he asked, "that what's the right conduct of war when we are in regiments is robbery when we are but seven broken men? I'm trying to mind that you found fault with us for helping ourselves in this same Glencoe last week, and refused to eat Corryoick's beef in Appin, and I cannot just recall the circumstance. Are we not, think ye, just as much at war with Glencoe now as then? And have seven starving men not an even better right, before God, to forage for themselves than has an army?"

"There's a difference," said the minister, stiffly. "We were then legitimate troops of war, fighting for the Solemn League and Covenant under a noble lord with Letters. It was the Almighty's cause, and——"

"Was it, indeed?" said John Splendid. "And was himself on the other side of Loch Leven when His tulzie was on?"

"Scoffer!" cried Gordon, and M'Iver said no more, but led us through the dark to the house whose light so cheerfully smiled before us.

The house, when we came to it, proved a trig little edifice of far greater comfort than most of the common houses of the Highlands—not a dry-stone bigging but a rubble tenement, very snugly thacked and windowed, and having a piece of kail-plot at its rear. It was perched well up on the brae, and its light at evening must have gleamed like a friendly star far up the glen, that needs every touch of brightness to mitigate its gloom. As we crept close up to it in the snow, we could hear the crooning John Splendid had told us of, a most doleful sound in a land of darkness and strangers.

"Give a rap, and when she answers the door we can tell our needs peaceably," said the minister.

"I'm not caring about rapping, and I'm not caring about entering at all now," said M'Iver, turning about with some uneasiness. "I wish we had fallen on a more cheery dwelling, even if it were to be coerced with club and pistol. A prickle's at my skin that tells me here is dool, and I can smell mort-cloth."

Sonachan gave a grunt, and thumped loudly on the fir boards. A silence that was like a swound fell on the instant, and the light within went out at a puff. For a moment it seemed as if our notion of occupancy and light and lament had been a delusion, for now the grave itself was no more desolate and still.

"I think we might be going," said I in a whisper, my heart thud-thudding at my vest, my mind sharing some of John Splendid's apprehension that we were intruders on some profound grief. And yet my hunger was a furious thing that belched red-hot at my stomach.

"Royal's my race!" said Stewart. "I'll be kept tirling at no door-pin in the Highlands, —let us drive in the bar,"

"What does he say?" asked the cleric, and I gave him the English of it.

"You'll drive no doors in here," said he, firmly, to Stewart. "We can but give another knock and see what comes of it. Knock you, M'Iver."

"Barbreck."

"Barbreck be it then."

"I would sooner go to the glen foot, and risk all," said John.

Sonachan grunted again; out he drew his dirk, and he rapped with the hilt of it loud and long at the door. A crying of children rose within, and, behold, I was a child again! I was a child again in Shira Glen, alone in a little chamber with a window uncurtained and unshuttered, yawning red-mouthed to the outer night. My back was almost ever to the window, whose panes reflected a peat-fire and a face as long as a fiddle, and eyes that shone like coal; and though I looked little at the window yawning to the wood, I felt that it never wanted some curious spy outside, some one girning or smiling in at me and my book. I must look round, or I must put a hand on my shoulder to make sure no other hand was there,—then the Terror that drives the black blood from the heart through all the being, and a boy unbuckling his kilt with fevered fingers and leaping with frantic sobs to bed! One night when the black blood of the Terror still coursed through me, though I was dovering over to sleep, there came a knocking at the door, a knock commanding, a knock never explained. It brought me to my knees with a horror that almost choked me at the throat, a cold dew in the very palms of the hands. I dare not ask who rapped for fear I should have an answer that comes some day or other to every child of my race,—an answer no one told me of, an answer that then I guessed.

All this flashed through my mind when the children's crying rose in the dark interior—that cry of children old and young as they go through the mysteries of life and the alleyways of death.

The woman soothed her children audibly, then called out, asking what we wanted.

"I'm a man from Appin," cried out Stewart, with great promptness and cunning, "and I have a friend or two with me. I was looking for the house of Kilinchean, where a cousin of mine—a fine spinner and knitter, but thrawn in the temper—is married on the tenant, and we lost our way. We're cold and we're tired, and we're hungry, and——"

"Step in," said the woman, lifting back the door. "You are many miles from Kilinchean, and I know Appin Mary very well."

But three of us entered, Stewart, M'Iver, and myself, the others, on a sudden inspiration preferring not to alarm the woman by betraying the number of us, and concealing themselves in the byre that leaned against the gable of the dwelling.

"God save all here!" said M'Iver, as we stepped in, and the woman lit the cruisie by sticking its nose in the peat-embers. "I'm afraid we come on you at a bad time."

She turned with the cruisie in her hands

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and seemed to look over his head at vacancy, with large and melting eyes in a comely face.

"You come," said she, "like grief, just when we are not expecting it, and in the dead of night. But you are welcome at my door."

We sat down on stools at her invitation, bathed in the yellow light of cruisie and peat. The reek of the fire rose in a faint breath among the pot-chains, and lingered among the rafters, loath, as it were, to emerge in the cold night. In a cowering group beneath the blankets of a bed in a corner were four children, the bed-clothes hurriedly clutched up to their chins, their eyes staring out on the intruders. The woman put out some food before us, coarse enough in quality but plenty of it, and was searching in a press for platters when she turned to ask how many of us there were. We looked at each other a little ashamed, for it seemed as if she had guessed of our divided company and the four men in the byre. It is likely she would have been told the truth, but her next words set us on a different notion.

"You'll notice," said she, still lifting her eyes to a point over our heads, "that I have not my sight."

"God! that's a pity," said M'Iver, in genuine distress, with just that accent of fondling in it that a Highlander, in his own tongue, can use like a salve for distress.

"I am not complaining of it," said the woman; "there are worse hardships in this world."

"Mistress," said John, "there are. I think I would willingly have been bl—— dim in the sight this morning if it could have happened."

"Ay, ay!" said the woman in a sad abstraction, standing with plates in her hand listening (I could swear) for a footstep that would never come again.

We sat and warmed ourselves and ate heartily, the heat of that homely dwelling —the first we had sat in for days—an indulgence so rare and precious that it seemed a thing we could never again tear ourselves away from to encounter the unkindness of those Lorn mounts anew. The children watched us with an alarm and curiosity no way abated, beholding in us perhaps (for one at least was at an age to discern the difference our tartan and general aspect presented from those of Glencoe) that we were strangers from a great distance, maybe enemies, at least with some rigour of warfare about our visage and attire. The mother, finding her way with the readiness of long familiarity about the house, got ease for her grief, whatever it was, in the duties thus suddenly thrust upon her: she spoke but seldom, and she never asked—in that she was true Gael—any more particulars about ourselves than Stewart had volunteered. And when we had been served with our simple viands, she sat composedly before us with her hands in her lap, and her eyes turned on us with an appearance of sedate scrutiny, no whit the less perplexing because we knew her orbs were but fair clean window-panes shuttered and hasped within.

"You will excuse my dull welcome," she said, with a wan smile, speaking a very pleasant accent of North Country Gaelic, that turned upon the palate like a sweet. "A week or two ago you would have found a very cheeerful house, not a widow's sorrow, and, if my eyes were useless, my man (*beannachd leis*) had a lover's eyes, and these were the eyes for himself and me."

"Was he at Inverlochy?" I asked, softly; "was he out with Montrose?"

"He died a week come Thursday," said the woman. "They're telling me of wars—weary on them and God's pity on the widow women they make, and the mothers they must leave lonely—but such a thing is sorrow that the world, from France to the Isles, might be in flames and I would still be thinking on my man that's yonder in the cold clods of the yard. . . . Stretch your hands; it's your welcome, gentlemen."

"I have one or two other friends outbye there in the byre," put in Stewart, who found the vigilance of the youths in the bed gave no opportunity for smuggling provand to the others of our party.

The woman's face flamed up a little and took on the least of a look of alarm that Stewart—who was very cunning and quick in some matters—set about removing at once with some of those convenient lies that he seemed never out of the want of.

"Some of our lads," said he, with a duck of apology at M'Iver and myself for taking liberties with the reputation of our friends. "They're very well where they are among the bracken, if they had but the bite and sup, and if it's your will I could take them that."

"Could they not be coming in and sitting by the fire?" asked the woman, set at rest by Stewart's story; but he told her he would never think of filling her room with a rabble of plain men, and in a little he was taking out the viands for our friends in the byre.

The woman sat anew upon her stool and her hands on her lap, listening with a sense so long at double exercise that now she could not readily relax the strain on it. M'Iver was in a great fidget to be off. I could see it in every movement of him. He was a man who ever disliked to have his feelings vexed by contact with the everlasting griefs of life, and this intercourse with new widowhood was sore against his mind. As for me, I took, in a way of speaking, the woman to my heart. She stood to me for all the griefs I had known in life, and was yet the representative, the figure of love—revealing an element of nature, a human passion so different from those tumults and hatreds we had been encountering. I had been thinking as I marched among the wilds of Lochaber and Badenoch that vengeance and victory and dominion by the strong hand were the main spurs to action, and now, on a sudden, I found that affection was stronger than them all.

"Are you keeping the place on?" I asked the widow, "or do you go back to your

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folks, for I notice from your tongue that you are of the North?"

"I'm off the Grants," she said; "but my heart's in Glencoe, and I'll never leave it. I am not grieving at the future, I am but minding on the past, and I have my bairns. . . . More milk for the lads outside; stretch your hands. . . . Oh yes, I have my bairns."

"Long may they prosper, mistress," said M'Iver, drumming with a horn spoon on his knee, and winking and smiling very friendly to the little fellows in a row in the bed, who, all but the oldest, thawed to this humour of the stranger. "It must be a task getting a throng like yon bedded at evening. Some day they'll be off your hand, and it'll be no more the lullaby of Crodh Chailein, but them driving at the beasts for themselves."

"Are you married?" asked the woman.

"No," said John, with a low laugh, "not yet. I never had the fortune to fill the right woman's eye. I've waited at the ferry for some one who'll take a man over without the ferry fee, for I'm a poor gentleman, though I'm of a good family, and had plenty, and the ones with the tocher won't have me, and the tocherless girls I dare not betray."

"You ken the old word," said the woman; "the man who waits long at the ferry will get over some day."

Stewart put down a cogie and loosened a button of his vest, and with an air of great joviality, that was marred curiously by the odd look his absence of lugs conferred, he winked cunningly at us and slapped the woman in a rough friendship on the shoulder.

"Are you thinking yourself——" he began, and what he would finish with may be easily guessed. But M'Iver fixed him with an eye that pricked like a rapier.

"Sit ye down, Stewart," said he; "your race is royal, as ye must be aye telling us, but there's surely many a droll bye-blow in the breed."

"Are you not all from Appin?" asked the woman, with a new interest, taking a corner of M'Iver's plaiding in her hands and running a few checks through the fine delicate fingers of a lady. Her face dyed crimson; she drew back her stool a little, and cried out—

"That's not off a Stewart web—it was never waulked in Appin. Whom have I here?"

John Splendid bent to her very kindly and laid a hand on hers.

"I'll tell you the God's truth, mother," said he; "we're broken men; we have one Stewart of a kind with us, but we belong to parts far off from here, and all we want is to get to them as speedily as may be. I'll put you in mind (but troth I'm sure it's not needed) of two obligations that lie on every Gaelic household. One of them is to give the shelter of the night and the supper of the night to the murderer himself, even if the corpse on the heather was your son; and the other is to ask no question off your guest till he has drunk the *deoch-an-doruis*."

"I'm grudging you nothing," said the woman; "but a blind widow is entitled to the truth and frankness."

M'Iver soothed her with great skill, and brought her back to her bairns.

"Ay," said he, "some day they'll be off your hands, and you the lady with sons and servants."

"Had you a wife and bairns of your own," said the woman, "you might learn some day that a parent's happiest time is when her children are young. They're all there, and they're all mine when they're under the blanket; but when they grow up and scatter, the nightfall never brings them all in, and one pair of blankets will not cover the cares of them. I do not know that," she went on, "from what I have seen in my own house; but my mother told me, and she had plenty of chance to learn the truth of it, with sons who died among strangers, and sons who bruised her by their lives more than they could by their deaths."

"You have some very ruddy and handsome boys there," said M'Iver. And aye he would be winking and smiling at the young rogues in the corner.

"I think they are," said the woman. "I never saw but the eldest, and he was then at the breast, *mo mh'eudail*, the dear, his father's image."

"Then the father of him must have been a well-fared and pretty man," said John, very promptly, not a bit abashed by the homeliness of the youth, who was the plainest of the flock, with a freckled skin, a low hang-dog brow, and a nose like the point of a dirk.

"He was that," said the woman, fondly—"the finest man in the parish. He had a little lameness, but——"

"I have a bit of a halt, myself," said M'Iver, with his usual folly; "and I'm sure I'm none the worse for it."

The oldest boy sat up in bed and gloomed at us very sullenly. He could scarcely be expected to understand the conceits of M'Iver's tale about his lameness, that any one with eyes could behold had no existence.

"But I never think of my man," the woman went on, "but as I saw him first before he met with his lameness. Eyes are a kind of doubtful blessing too in some ways. Mine have forgotten all the ugly things they knew, and in my recollection are but many bonny things: my man was always as young to me as when he came courting in a new blue bonnet and a short coat; my children will be changing to every one but to me."

Stewart, with his own appetite satisfied, was acting lackey to the gentlemen in the byre—fetching out cogies of milk and whangs of bear-meal bannock, and the most crisp piquant white cheese ever I put tooth to. He was a man without a conscience, and so long as his own ends and the ends of his friends were served, he would never scruple to empty the woman's girnel or toom her last basin, and leave her no morsel of food or drink at the long-run. But M'Iver and I put an end to that, and so won, as we thought, to the confidence of the elder lad in the bed, who had glunched low-browed among his franker brethren.

We slept for some hours, the seven of us, among the bracken of the byre, wearied out and unable to go farther that night, even if the very dogs were at our heels. We slept

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sound, I'm sure, all but M'Iver, whom, waking, twice in the chill of the night, I found sitting up and listening like any sentinel.

"What are you watching for there?" I asked him on the second time.

"Nothing at all, Colin, nothing at all. I was aye a poor sleeper at the best, and that snore of Rob Stewart is the very trump of the next world."

It was in the dawn again he confessed to his real apprehension—only to my private ear, for he wished no more to alarm the others by day than to mar my courtship of slumber by night.

"The fact is," said he, "I'm not very sure about our young gentleman yonder in the bed. He's far too sharp in the eye and black in the temper, and too much of Clan Donallachd generally, to be trusted with the lives and liberties of seven gentlemen of a tartan he must know unfriendly to Glencoe. I wish I saw his legs that I might guess the length of him, or had had the wit to ask his mother his age, for either would be a clue to his chance of carrying the tale against us down the valley there. He seemed tremendous sharp and wicked lying yonder looking at us, and I was in a sweat all night for fear he would be out and tell on us. But so far he's under the same roof as ourselves."

Sonachan and the baron-bailie quarrelled away about some point of pedigree as they sat, a towsy, unkempt pair, in a dusty corner of the byre, with beards of a most scraggy nature grown upon their chins. Their uncouthness gave a scruple of foppishness to M'Iver, and sent him seeking a razor in the widow's house. He found the late husband's, and shaved himself trimly, while Stewart played lackey again to the rest of us, taking out a breakfast the housewife was in the humour to force on us. He had completed his scraping, and was cracking away very freely with the woman, who was baking some bannocks on the stone, with sleeves rolled up from arms that were rounded and white. They talked of the husband (the one topic of new widowhood), a man, it appeared of a thousand parts, a favourite with all, and yet, as she said, "When it came to the black end they left me to dress him for the grave, and a stranger had to bury him."

M'Iver, looking fresh and spruce after his cleansing, though his eyes were small for want of sleep, aroused at once to an interest in the cause of this unneighbourliness.

The woman stopped her occupation with a sudden start and flared crimson.

"I thought you knew," said she, stammering, turning a rolling-pin in her hand—"I thought you knew; and then how could you? . . . I maybe should have mentioned it, . . . but, . . . but could I turn you from my door in the nighttime and hunger?"

M'Iver whistled softly to himself, and looked at me where I stood in the byre-door.

"Tuts," said he, at last, turning with a smile to the woman, as if she could see him; "what does a bit difference with Lowland law make after all? I'll tell you this, mistress, between us,—I have a name myself for private foray, and it's perhaps not the first time I have earned the justification of the kind gallows of Crief by small diversions among cattle at night. It's the least deserving that get the tow gravat."

(Oh you liar! I thought.)

The woman's face looked puzzled. She thought a little, and said, "I think you must be taking me up wrong; my man was never at the trade of reiving, and——"

"I would never hint that he was, goodwife," cried John, quickly, puzzled-looking himself. "I said I had a name for the thing; but they were no friends of mine who gave me the credit, and I never stole stot or quey in all my life."

(I have my doubts, thinks I.)

"My man died of the plague," said the woman, blurting out her news, as if eager to get over an awkward business.

I have never seen such a sudden change in a person's aspect as came over John Splendid in every feature. The vain trim man of a minute ago, stroking his chin and showing a white hand (for the entertainment of the woman he must always be forgetting was without her sight), balancing and posturing on well-curved legs, and jauntily pinning his plaid on his shoulder, in a flash lost backbone. He stepped a pace back, as if some one had struck him a blow, his jaw fell, and his face grew ashen. Then his eyes went darting about the chamber, and his nostrils sniffed as if disease was a presence to be seen and scented, a thing tangible in the air, maybe to be warded off by a sharp man's instruction in combat of arms.

"God of grace!" he cried, crossing himself most vigorously for a person of the Protestant religion, and muttering what I have no doubt was some charm of his native glen for the prevention of fevers. He shut his mouth thereafter very quickly on every phrase he uttered, breathing through his nose; at the same time he kept himself, in every part but the shoesoles he tiptoed on, from touching anything. I could swear the open air of the most unfriendly glen in Christendom was a possession to be envious of for John M'Iver of Barbeck.

Stewart heard the woman's news that came to him as he was carrying in from the byre the vessels from which he had been serving his companions. He was in a stew more extraordinary than John Splendid; he blanched even to the scars of his half-head, as we say, spat vehemently out of his mouth a piece of bread he was chewing, turned round about in a flash, and into the byre past me as I stood (not altogether alarmed, but yet a little disturbed and uneasy) in the doorway. He emptied his clothing and knapsack of every scrap of food he had purloined, making a goodly heap upon the floor,—the very oaten flour he dusted off his finger-tips, with which he had handled cake that a little ago he was risking his soul's salvation to secure. And —except the minister—the other occupants of the byre were in an equal terror.

For in this matter of smittal plagues we Highlanders are the most arrant cowards. A man whose life we would save on the field, or the rock-face, or the sea, at the risk of our

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own lives or the more abominable peril of wound and agony, will die in a ditch of the Spotted Death or a fever before the most valiant of us would put out a hand to cover him again with his blanket. He will get no woman to sound his coronach, even if he were Lord of the Isles. I am not making defence or admitting blame, though I have walked in Hamburg when the pitch-barrels blazed in the street, fuming the putrid wind; but there is in the Gaelic character a dread of disfiguration more than of sudden and painful death. What we fear is the black mystery of such disorders; they come on cunning winds unheralded, in fair weather or bad, day or night, to the rich and to the poor, to the strong as to the weak. You may be robust to-day in a smiling country and to-morrow in a twist of agony, coal-black, writhing on the couch, every fine interest in life blotted out by a yellow film upon the eyes. A vital gash with a claymore confers a bloodier but a more comely and natural end. Thus the Gael abhors the very roads that lead to a plague-struck dwelling. If plagues do not kill, they will mar—yes, even against the three charms of Island I, and that, too, makes heavier their terror, for a man mutilated even by so little as the loss of a hand is an object of pity to every hale member of his clan. He may have won his infirmity in a noble hour, but they will pity him, and pity to the proud is worse than the glove in the face.

Instantly there was a great to-do in getting away from this most unfortunate dwelling. The lads in the byre shook tartan and out to the fresh air, and rejoiced in the wind with deep-drawn gulping breaths, as if they might wash the smallest dust of disease from their bodily system. So at last only M'Iver and I were left standing at the door.

"Well," said John, with an effort, "we must be going. I never thought it was so late. And we must be on the other side of Dalness before very long. You have been very good to us, and my name's John M'Iver, of Barbreck—a kind of Campbell with a great respect for the MacDonalds, of whom I kent a few perfect gentry in foreign wars I have been at the fighting of. And—good day, mistress, we must be going. My friends have the very small manners surely, for they're off down the road. We'll just let them go that way. What need ye expect of small men and gillies?"

He signed to me with a shake of his sporran to show it was empty, and, falling to his meaning, I took some silver from my own purse and offered it to the glum-faced lad in the blankets. Beetle-brow scowled, and refused to put a hand out for it, so I left it on a table without a clink to catch the woman's ear.

"Would you not have a *deoch-an-dorius*?" asked the woman, making to a press and producing a bottle.

M'Iver started in a new alarm. "No, no. You're very good," said he; "but I never take it myself in the morning, and—good day, mistress—and my friend Elrigmore, who's left with me here, is perhaps too free with it sometimes; and indeed maybe I'm that way myself too—it's a thing that grows on you. Good-bye, mistress."

She put out her hand, facing us with uplifted the fingers to his lips, softly kissed the minister, who had left the four others down the brae, stepped softly into the room. M'Iver was in a high perplexity. He dare not shake the woman's hand, and still he dare not hurt her feelings. "My thong's loose," said he, stopping to fumble with a brogue that needed no such attention. He rose with the minister at his shoulder.

"And good day to you again, mistress," said M'Iver, turning about to go, without heeding the outstretched hand.

Master Gordon saw the whole play at a glance. He took the woman's hand in his without a word, wrung it with great warmth, and, seized as it seemed by a sudden whim, lifted the fingers to his lips, softly kissed them, and turned away.

"O," cried the woman, with tears welling to her poor eyes—"O Clan Campbell, I'll never call ye down! Ye may have the guile they claim for ye, but ye have the way with a widow's heart!"

I did it with some repugnance, let me own; but I, too, shook her hand, and followed the minister out at the door. M'Iver was hot with annoyance and shame, and ready to find fault with us for what we had done; but the cleric carded him like wool in his feelings.

"Oh, valour, valour!" he said, in the midst of his sermon, "did I not say you knew your duty in hate better than in affection?"

John Splendid kept a dour-set jaw, said never a word, and the seven of us proceeded on our way.

It was well on in the morning, the land sounding with a new key of troubled and loosening waters. Mists clogged the mountain-tops, and Glencoe far off to its westward streamed with a dun vapour pricked with the tip of fir and ash. A moist feel was in the air; it relapsed anon to a smirr of rain.

"This is a shade better than clear airs and frost and level snow for quarries on a hunting," said I.

"I'm glad it suits you," said M'Iver. "I've seen the like before, and I'm not so sure about the advantage of it."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The rain that was a smirr or drizzle on the north side of Glencoe grew to a steady shower in the valley itself and when we had traversed a bit in the airt of Tynree it had become a pouring torrent—slanting in our faces with the lash of whips, streaming from the hair and crinkling the hands, and leaving the bonnet on the head as heavy as any French soldier's salade. I am no great unlover of a storm in the right circumstances. There is a long strath between Nordlingen and Donauworth of Bavaria, where once we amazed our foreign allies by setting out, bare to the kilt and sark, in threshing hail, running for miles in the pelt of it out of the sheer content of encounter—and perhaps a flagon or two of wine. It was a bravado, perhaps, but a ploy to brace the spirit; we gathered from it some of the virtues of our

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simple but ample elders, who were strong men when they lay asleep with a cheek to the naked earth and held their faces frankly up to sun or rain. But if we rejoiced in the rains of Bavaria there was no cause for glee in those torrents of Glencoe, for they made our passage through the country more difficult and more dangerous than it was before. The snow on the ground was for hours a slushy compost, that the foot slipped on at every step, or that filled the brogue with a paste that nipped like brine. And when the melting snow ran to lower levels, the soil itself, relaxing the rigours of its frost, became as soft as butter and as unstable to the foot. The burns filled to the lip and brawled over, new waters sprung up among the rocks and ran across our path, so that we were for ever wading and slipping and splashing and stumbling on a route that seemed never to come to any end or betterment.

Seven more pitiful men never trod Highlands. The first smirr soaked our clothing; by the middle of the glen we were drenched to the hide, and the rain was flowing from the edges of our kilts in runnels. Thus heaven scourged us with waters till about the hour of noon, when she alternated water with wind and gales burst from the west, the profound gorges of Stob Dubh belching full to the throat with animus. There were fir-plantings by the way, whose branches twanged and boomed in those terrific blasts, that on the bare braeside lifted up the snow with an invisible scoop and flung it in our faces.

Stewart and the man with the want led the way, the latter ever with his eyes red a-weeping, looking about him with starts and tremors, moaning lamentably at every wail of wind, but ceasing now and then to gnaw a bone he had had enough of a thief's wit to pouch in the house of the blind widow. Stewart, a lean wiry man, covered the way with a shepherd's long stride—heel and toe and the last spring from the knee—most poverty-struck and mean in a kilt that flapped too low on his leg and was frayed to ribbons, a man with but one wish in the world, to save his own unworthy skin, even if every one else of our distressed corps found a sodden and abominable death in the swamps or rocks of that doleful valley. Then on the rear behind those commoners came the minister and John Splendid and myself, the minister with his breeks burst at the knees, his stockings caught up with a poor show of trimness by a braid of rushes, contrived by M'Iver, and his coat-skirts streaming behind him. You could not but respect the man's courage: many a soldier I've seen on the dour hard leagues of Germanie—good soldiers too, heart and body—collapse under hardships less severe. Gordon, with a drawn and curd-white face, and eyes burning like lamps, surrendered his body to his spirit, and it bore him as in a dream through wind and water, over moor and rock, and amid the woods that now and again we had to hide in.

That we had to hide so little was one of the miracles of our traverse. At any other time perhaps Glencoe and the regions round about it would be as well tenanted as any low-country strath, for it abounded on either hand with townships, with crofts that perched on brief plateaux, here and there with black bothyhouses such as are (they say) the common dwellings over all the Hebrid Isles. Yet, moving, not in the ultimate hollow of the valley, but in fighting fashion upon the upper levels, we were out of the way of molestation, and in any case it was a valley for the time deserted by men. Women we could see in plenty, drawing water or bearing peats in from the bogs behind their dwellings, or crossing from house to house or toun to toun, with plaids drawn tightly over their heads, their bodies bent to meet the blasts that made their clothing banner and full. Nor children either were there in that most barren country, or they keep within, sheltering the storms assailing, and the want of them (for I have ever loved the little ones) added twenty-fold to my abhorrence of the place.

We had to hide but rarely, I say: two or three times when down in the valley's depths there showed a small group of men who were going in the same direction as ourselves by the more natural route, at a quarter of a league's distance in advance of us. They were moving with more speed than we, and for a time we had the notion that they might be survivors, like ourselves, of Argile's clan. But at last this fancy was set at flight by the openness of their march, as well by their stoppage at several house by the way, from which they seemed to be joined by other men, who swelled their numbers so that after a time there would be over a score of them on the mission, whatever it might be. In that misty rain-swept day the eye could not carry far, and no doubt they were plainer to our view than we were to theirs among the drab vapours on the hillside. But once or twice we thought they perceived us, for they stopped and looked to the left and up the brae-face we were on, and then it was we had to seek the shelter of tree or bush. If they saw us, they seemed to suspect no evil, for they held on their way, still ahead of us, and making for Tynree. Whoever they were, they became at last so manifest a danger to our escape out of the head of the glen that we fell back anew on the first plan of going through the corries on the south side of the glen and piercing by them to Dalness. In the obscurity of a great shower that set up a a screen between us and the company marching to Tynree, we darted down the brae, across the glen, and over to the passage they call the Lairig Eilde that is on the west of the great Little Herd hill of Etive, and between it and Ben Fhada or the Long Mount, whose peaks you will find with snow in their gullies in the height of summer.

It was with almost a jocund heart I turned my back on Glencoe as we took a drove-path up from the river. But I glanced with a shiver down its terrible distance upon that nightmare of gulf and eminence, of gash, and peaks afloat upon swirling mists. It lay, a looming horror, forgotten of heaven and unfriendly to man (as one might readily imagine), haunted for ever with wailing airs

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and rumours, ghosts calling in the deeps of dusk and melancholy, legends of horror and remorse.

"Thank God," said I, as we gave the last look at it—"thank God I was not born and bred yonder. Those hills would crush my heart against my very ribs."

"It's good enough for the people who are in it," said John. "What are they but MacDonalds? 'Take and not give' is their motto. They can have Glencoe for me, with M'Millan's right to Knapdale,—as long as wave beats on rock."

Master Gordon, though we had spoken in the Gaelic, half guessed our meaning. "A black place and mournful," said he; "but there may be love there too and warm hearts, and soil where the truth might flourish as in the champaign over against Gilgal beside the plains of Moreh."

Now we were in a tract of country mournful beyond my poor description. I know corries in Argile that whisper silken to the winds with juicy grasses, corries where the deer love to prance deep in the cool dew, and the beasts of far-off woods come in bands at their seasons and together rejoice. I have seen the hunter in them and the shepherd, too, coarse men in life and occupation, come sudden among the blowing rush and whispering reed, among the bog-flower and the cannoch, unheeding the moor-hen and the cailzie-cock rising, or the stag of ten at pause, while they stood, passionate adventurers in a rapture of the mind, held as it were by the spirit of such places as they lay in a slobbery bloom of haze, the spirit of old good songs, the baffling surmise of the piper and the bard. To those corries of my native place will be coming in the yellow moon of brock and foumart—the beasts that dote on the autumn eves—the People of Quietness; have I not seen their lanthorns and heard their laughter in the night?—so that they must be blessed corries, so endowed since the days when the gods dwelt in them without tartan and spear in the years of the peace that had no beginning.

But the corries of Lorn; black night on them, and the rain rot! They were troughs of despond as we went struggling through them. The knife-keen rushes whipped us at the thigh, the swamps bubbled in our shoes. Round us rose the hills grey and bald, sown with boulders and crowned with sour mists. Surely in them the sun never peeps even in the long days of summer: the star, I'll warrant never rained on them his calm influence!

Dolour left us speechless as we trudged, even when for a time we were lost. We essayed in a silence at openings here and there, at hacks and water-currents, wandering off from each other, whistling and calling, peering from rock-brows or spying into wounds upon the hills, so that when we reached Dalness it was well on in the day. If in summer weather the night crawls slowly on the Highlands, the winter brings a fast black rider indeed. His hoofs were drumming on the hills when first we saw sight of Dalness; he was over and beyond us when we reached the plain. The land of Lorn was black dark to the very roots of its trees, and the rivers and burns themselves got lost in the thick of it, and went through the night calling from hollow to hollow to hearten each other till the dawn.

Dalness lies in Glen Etive, at a gushet of hills on either side of which lie paths known to the drover and the adventurer. The house receded from the passes and lay back in a pleasance walled by whin or granite, having a wattled gate at the entrance. When we were descending the pass we could see a glare of light come from the place even though the mist shrouded, and by the time we got to the gate it was apparent that the house was lit in every chamber. The windows that pierced the tall gables threw beams of light into the darkness and the open door poured out a yellow flood. At the time we came on it first we were unaware of our propinquity to it, and this mansion looming on us suddenly through the vapours seemed a cantrip of witchcraft, a dwelling's ghost, grey, eerie, full of frights, a phantom of the mind rather than a habitable home. We paused in a dumb astonishment to look at it lying there in the darkness, a thing so different from the barren hills and black bothies behind our shoulders.

We gathered in a cluster near the wattle gate, the minister perhaps the only man who had the wit to acknowledge the reality of the vision. His eyes fairly gloated on this evidence of civilised state, so much recalling the surroundings in which he was most at home. As by an instinct of decency, he drew up his slack hose and bound them anew with the rushen garters, and pulled his coat-lapels straight upon his chest, and set his dripping peruke upon his head with a touch of the dandy's air, all the time with his eyes on those gleaming windows, as if he feared to relinquish the spectacle a moment, lest it should fly like a dream.

We had thought first of pushing across the glen, over the river, through Corrie Ghuibhasan, and into the Black Mount; but the journey in a night like what was now fallen was not to be attempted. On the hills beyond the river the dog-fox barked with constancy, his vixen screeching like a child—signs of storm that no one dare gainsay. So we determined to seek shelter and concealment somewhere in the policies of the house. But first of all we had to find what the occasion was of this brilliancy in Dalness, and if too many people for our safety were not in the neighborhood. I was sent forward to spy the place, while my companions lay waiting below a cluster of alders.

I went into the grounds with my heart very high up on my bosom, not much put about at any human danger, let me add, for an encounter with an enemy of flesh and blood was a less fearsome prospect than the chance of an encounter with more invulnerable foes, who, my skin told me, haunted every heugh and howe of that still and sombre demesne of Dalness. But I set my teeth tight in my resolution, and with my dirk drawn in my hand—it was the only weapon

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left me—I crept over the grass from bush to bush and tree to tree as much out of the revelation of the window-lights as their numbers would let me.

There was not a sound in the place, and yet those lights might have betokened a great festivity, with pipe and harp going, and dancers' feet thudding on the floor.

At one of the gables there was a low window, and I made for it, thinking it a possible eye to a lobby or passage, and therefore not so hazardous to look in at. I crept up and viewed the interior.

My window, to my astonishment, looked in on no bare plain lobby, but on a spacious salmanger or hall, very rosy with sconce light and wood-fire—a hall that extended the whole length of the house, with a bye-ordinar high ceil of black oak carved very handsomely. The walls at the far end were hung with tapestry very like MacCailein's rooms at home in Inneraora; and down the long sides, whose windows streamed the light upon the hall, great stag-heads glowered with unsleeping eyes, stags of numerous tines. The floor was strewn with the skins of the chase, and on the centre of it was a table laden with an untouched meal, and bottles that winked back the flicker of the candle and the hearth.

The comfort of the place, by contrast with our situation, seemed, as I looked hungrily on it through the thick glass of the lozen, more great and tempting than any thing ever I saw abroad in the domains of princes. Its air was charged with peace and order; the little puffs and coils and wisps of silver-grey smoke, coming out of the fireplace into the room, took long to swoon into nothingness in that tranquil interior.

But the most wonderful thing of all was, that though the supper seemed ready for a company, and could not have been long left, I waited five or ten minutes with my face fast set to the pane and no living footstep entered the room. I watched the larger door near the far-off end eagerly; it lay ajar, smiling a welcome to the parts of the house beyond, but no one came in.

"Surely they are throng in some other wing," I thought, "and not so hungry as we, or their viands did not lie so long untouched in that dainty room."

I went round the house at its rear, feeling my way slowly among the bushes. I looked upon parlours and bed-closets, kitchens and corridors; they were lighted with the extravagance of a marriage-night, and as tenantless and silent as the cells of Kilchrist. The beds were straightened out, the hearths were swept, the floors were scrubbed, on every hand was the evidence of recent business, but the place was relinquished to the ghosts.

How it was I cannot say, but the mystery of the house made me giddy at the head. But I was bound to push my searching further, so round with a swithering heart went Elrigmore to the very front door of the mansion of Dalness—open, as I have said, with the light gushing lemon-yellow on the lawn. I tapped softly, my heart this time even higher than my bosom, with a foot back ready to retreat if answer came. Then I rasped an alarm on the side of the yett with a noise that rang fiercely through the place and brought the sweat to my body, but there was even then no answer.

So in I went, the soft holes of my brogues making no sound on the boards, but leaving the impress of my footsteps in a damp blot.

Now, to me, brought up in a Highland farm-steading (for the house of Elrigmore is without great spaciousness or pretence), large and rambling castles and mansions ever seem eerie. I must in them be thinking, like any boy, of the whisperings of wraiths in their remote upper rooms; I feel strange airs come whipping up their long or crooked lobbies at night; the number of their doors are, to my Highland instinct, so many unnecessary entrances for enemies and things mischancy.

But to wander over the house of Dalness, lit from tolbooth to garret with lowe—to see the fires not green but at their prime with high-banked peat that as yet had not thrown an ash—to see so fine a supper waiting in a mansion utterly desolate and its doors open to the wilds, seemed a thing so magical that I felt like taking my feet from the place in a hurry of hurries and fleeing with my comrades from so unco a countryside. High and low I ranged in the interior. I had found a nut without a kernel, and at last I stood dumfoundered and afraid, struck solemn by the echo of my own hail as it rang unfamiliar through the interior.

I might have been there fifteen minutes or half an hour when M'Iver, impatient at my delay or fearing some injury to my person, came in and joined me. He too was struck with amazement at the desertion of the house. He measured the candles, he scrutinized the fires, he went round the building out and in, and he could but conclude that we must be close upon the gate when the house was abandoned.

"But why abandon it?" I asked.

"That's the Skyman's puzzle; it would take seven men and seven years to answer it," said he. "I can only say it's very good of them (if there's no ambuscade in it) to leave so fine an inn and so bonny a supper with a bush above the door and never a bar against entrance. We'll just take advantage of what fortune has sent us."

"The sooner the better," said I, standing up to a fire that delighted my body like a caress. "I have a trick of knowing when good fortune's a dream, and I'll be awake and find myself lying on hard heather before the bite's at my mouth."

M'Iver ran out and brought in our companions, none of them unwilling to put this strange free hostel to the test for its warmth and hospitality. We shut and barred the doors, and set ourselves down to such a cold collation as the most fortunate of us had not tasted since the little wars began. Between the savage and the gentleman is but a good night's lodging. Give the savage a peaceful hearth to sit by, a roof to his head, and a copious well-cooked supper, and his

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savagery will surrender itself to the sleek content of a Dutch merchantman. We sat at a table whose load would have rationed a company of twice our number, and I could see the hard look of hunting relax in the aspect of us all: the peering, restless sunken eyes came out of their furrowed caverns, turned calm, full, and satisfied; the lines of the brow and mouth, the contour of the cheek, the cariage of the head, the disposition of the hands, altered and improved. An hour ago, when we were the sport of ferocious nature in the heart of a country infernal, no more than one of us would have swithered to strike a blow at a fellow-creature and to have robbed his corpse of what it might have of food and comfort. Now we gloated in the airs benign of Dalness house, very friendly to the world at large, the stuff that tranquil towns are made of. We had even the minister's blessing on our food, for Master Gordon accepted the miracle of the open door and the vacant dwelling with John Splendid's philosophy, assuring us that in doing so he did no more than he would willingly concede any harmless body of broken men such as we were, even his direst enemies, if extremity like ours brought us to his neighbourhood.

"I confess I am curious to know how the thing happened, but the hand of the Almighty's in it anyway," he said; and so saying he lay back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction that lost nothing of its zest by the influence of the rain that blattered now in drumming violence on the window-panes.

John Splendid, at the table-end laughed shortly between his cups at a flagon of wine.

"All the same," said he, "I would advise you to put some of the Almighty's provand in your pouch, for fear the grace that is ours now may be torn suddenly enough from us."

Sonachan pointed to Stewart, who had already filled every part of his garments with broken meat, and his wallet as well. "There's a cautious man," said he, "whatever your notion of sudden ceasing may be. He has been putting bite about in his wallet and his stomach since ever we sat down. Appin ways, no doubt."

"*Biadh an diugh, cogadh a mair-each*—food to-day, war to-morrow," said the son of kings. "Royal's my race! A man should aye be laying in as he goes: if I had not had my wallet on Loch Leven-side, I ken some gentry who would have been as hungry as common herds, and with nothing to help it."

John Splendid laughed again. "Wise man, Rob!" said he; "you learnt the first principles of campaigning in Appin as nicely as ever I did in the wars of the Invincible Lion (as they called him) of the North. Our reverend comrade here, by the wisdom of his books, never questions, it seems that we have a leave of Dalness house as long as we like to stay in it, its pendicles and pertinents, lofts, crofts, gardens, mills, multures, and sequels, as the lawyers say in their damned sheepskins, that have been the curse of the Highlands even more than books have been. Now I've had an adventure like this before. Once in Rugenwalde, midway between Danzig and Stettin, where we lay for two months, I spent a night with a company of Hepburn's blades in a castle abandoned by the Duke of Pomerania. Roystering dogs! Stout hearts! Where are they now, those fine lads in corslet and morgensterne, who played havoc with the casks in the Rugenwalde cellar? Some of them died of the pest in Schiefelbein, four of them fell under old Jock Hepburn at Frankfort, the lave went wandering about the world, kissing and drinking, no doubt, and lying and sorrowing and dying, and never again will we foregather in a vacant house in foreign parts! For that is the hardship of life, that it's ever a flux and change. We are here to-day and away to-morrow, and the bigger the company and the more high-hearted the merriment, the less likely is the experience to be repeated. I'm sitting here in a miraculous dwelling in the land of Lorn, and I have but to shut my eyes and round about me are cavaliers of fortune at the board. I give you the old word, Elrigmore: 'Claymore and the Gael'; for the rest—pardon me—you gentlemen are out of the ploy. I shut my eyes and I see Fowlis and Farquhar, Mackenzie, Obisdell, Ross, the two *balbiren* and *stabknechten*, with their legs about the board; the wind's howling up from Stettin road; to-morrow we may be carrion in the ditch at Guben's gate, or wounded to a death by slow degrees in night scaladoe. That was soldiering. You fought your equals with art and science; here's ——. Well well, God's grace for MacCailein Mor!"

"God's grace for us all!" said the minister.

The man with the want fell fast asleep in his chair, with his limbs in gawky disposition. Stewart's bullet-head, with the line of the oval, unbroken by ears, bobbed with affected eagerness to keep up with the fast English utterance and the foreign names of M'Iver, while all the time he was fingering some metal spoons and wondering if money was in them and if they could be safely got to Inneraora. Sonachan and the baron-bailie dipped their beaks in the jugs, and with lifted heads, as fowls slocken their thirst, they let the wine slip slowly down their throats, glucking in a gluttonous ecstasy.

"God's grace for us all!" said the minister again, as in a benediction.

M'Iver pushed back his chair without rising, and threw a leg across its arm with a complacent look at the shapely round of the calf, that his hose still fitted with wonderful neatness considering the stress they must have had from wind and rain.

"We had grace indeed," said he, "on the banks of Oder river. We came at night, just as now, upon this castle of the cousin of this most noble and puissant lord of Pomerania. It was Palm Sunday, April the third, Old Style. I mind, because it was my birthday; the country all about was bursting out in a most rare green; the gardens and the fields breathed sappy odours, and the birds were throng at the bigging of their homes in bush and eave; the day sparkled, and river and cloud too, till the spirit in a person jigged as to a fiddle; the nights allured to escapade."

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"What was the girl's name?" I asked M'Iver, leaning forward, finding his story in some degree had parallel with my own.

"Her name, Colin—I did not mention the girl, did I? How did you guess there was a girl in it?" said John, perplexed.

I flushed at my own transparency, and was glad to see that none but the minister (and M'Iver a little later) had observed the confession of my query. The others were too busy on carnal appetites to feel the touch of a sentiment wrung from me by a moment's illusion.

"It is only my joke," I stammered; "you have a reputation among the snoods."

M'Iver smiled on me very warm-heartedly, yet cunningly too.

"Colin, Colin," he cried. "Do I not know *you* from boot to bonnet? You think the spring seasons are never so fond and magic as when a man is courting a girl; you are minding of some spring day of your own and a night of twinkling stars. I'll not deny but there was a girl in my case in the parlour of Pomerania's cousin at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; and I'll not deny that a recollection of her endows that season with something of its charm. We had ventured into this vacant house, as I have said; its larders were well plenished; its vaults were full of marshalled brigades of bottles and battaglia of casks. Thinking no danger, perhaps careless if there was, we sat late, feasted to the full, and drank deep in a house that like this was empty in every part. It was 1631—I'll leave you but that clue to my age at the time—and, well I was an even prettier lad than I am to-day. I see you smile, Master Gordon; but that's my bit joke. Still there's some relevance to my story in my looks too. Though I was but a sergeant of pikes (with sons of good families below me, as privates, mind you), I was very trim and particular about my apparel. I carried myself with a good chest, as we say—my feature and my leg speak for themselves. I had sung songs—trifles of my own, foolishly esteemed, I'm hearing, in many parts of Argile. I'll not deny but I like to think of that, and to fancy young folks humming my ditties by warm fires when I'm maybe in the cold with the divot at my mouth. And I had told a tale or two—a poor art enough, I'll allow, spoiled by bookcraft. It was a cheery company as you may guess, and at last I was at a display of our Highland dancing. I see dancing to-day in many places that is not the thing as I was taught it by the strongest dancer in all Albainn. The company sat facing as I stepped it over a couple of sword-blades, and their backs were to the door. Mackenzie was humming a port-a-bheul with a North Country twang even in his nose, and I was at my last step when the door opened with no noise and a girl looked in, her eyes staring hard at me alone, and a finger on her lips for silence. A man of less discernment would have stopped his dance incontinent and betrayed the presence of the lady to the others, who never dreamt so interesting sight was behind them. But I never let on. I even put an extra flourish on my conclusion, that came just as the girl backed out at the door beckoning me to follow her. Two minutes later, while my friends were bellowing a rough Gaelic chorus, I was out following my lady of silence up a little stair and into a room below the eaves. There she narrated to me the plot that we unhappy lads were to be the victims of. The house was a trap; it was to be surrounded at night, when we had eaten and drunken over-well, and the sword was our doom arranged for. The girl told me all this very quietly in the French she learned I was best master of next to my own Gaelic, and—what a mad thing's the blood in a youth—all the time I was indifferent to her alarum, and pondering upon her charms of lip and eye. She died a twelvemonth later in Glogoe of Silesia, and—God give her peace!"

"You may save your supplication," said Gordon; "her portion's assigned, a thing fixed and unalterable, and your prayer is a Popish conceit."

"God give her peace! I'll say it, Master Gordon, and I'll wish it in the face of every Covernanter ever droned a psalm! She died in Silesia, not careless, I'm thinking, of the memory of one or two weeks we spent in Frankfort, whose outer lanes and fauborgs are in my recollection blossoming with the almond-flower and scented at eve.

He rose to his feet and paced the floor beside us, strong, but loosened a little at the tongue by the generous wine of Dalness; his mien a blending of defiance against the cheatry of circumstances and a display of old ancient grief.

"Heart of the rose, *gramachree*, bird-song at the lip, star-eye and wisdom, yet woman to the core. I wish I were so young as then I was, and *ochanie*, what availed my teens, if the one woman that ever understood me were no more but a dust in Glogoe!"

"Come, come, man," I cried; "it's a world full of very choice women."

"It is indeed?" asked he, turning on me a pitiful eye; "I'm wrong if you ever met but one that was quite so fine as you must have them—— Tuts, tuts, here I'm on the key of old man's history. I cheat myself at times of leisure into the notion that once I loved a foreign girl who died a spotless maiden. You'll notice, Master Gordon, I have some thing of the sentiment you Lowlanders make such show of, or I play-act the thing very well. Believe me, I'll hope to get a wife out of your parish some day yet; but I warn you she must have a tocher in her stocking as well as on her father's hill."

The minister surveyed him through half-shut eyes, leaning back on the rungs of his chair. I think he saw the truth as clearly as I did myself, for he spoke with more than common softness when he answered.

"I like your tale," he said, "which had a different conclusion and a more noble one than what I looked for at the opening." Then he leaned out and put a hand on John Splendid's sleeve. "Human nature," said he, "is the most baffling of mysteries. I said I knew you from boot to bonnet, but there's a corner I have still to learn the secret of."

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"Well, well," said M'Iver, lifting a glass confusedly, and seating himself again at the board, "here's a night-cap—MacCailein Mor and the Campbell cause!" "And a thought of the lady of Frankfort," I whispered, pressing his foot with my toe beneath the table, and clinking my glass with his.

We drank, the two of us, in a silence, and threw the glasses on the hearth.

The windows, that now were shuttered, rattled to gowsty airs, and the rain drummed on. All about the house, with its numerous corners, turrets, gushets, and corbie-stepped gables, the fury of the world rose and wandered, the fury that never rests, but is ever somewhere round the ancient universe, jibing night and morning at man's most valiant effort. It might spit and blow till our shell shook and creaked, and the staunch walls wept, and the garden footways ran with bubbling waters, but we were still to conquer. Our lanthorn gleamed defiance to that brag of night eternal, that pattern-piece of the last triumph of the oldest enemy of man—Blackness the Rider, who is older than the hoary star.

Fresh wood hissed on the fire, but the candles burned low in their sockets. Sonachan and the baron-bailie slept with their heads on the table; and the man with the want, still sodden at the eyes, turned his wet hose upon his feet with a madman's notion of comfort.

"I hope," said M'Iver, "there's no ambuscade here, as in the house of the cousin of his Grace of Pomerania. At least we can but bide on, whatever comes, an I take the night's rest that offers, keeping a man-about watch against intrusion."

"There's a watch more pressing still," said Master Gordon, shaking the slumber off him and jogging the sleeping men upon the shoulders. "My soul watcheth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. We have been wet with the showers of the mountain, like Job, and embracing the rock for the want of a shelter. We are lone-haunted men in a wild land encompassed by enemies; let us thank God for our safety thus far, and ask His continued shield upon our flight."

And in the silence of that great house, dripping and rocking in the tempest of the night, the minister poured out his heart in prayer. It had humility and courage too; it was imbued with a spirit strong and calm. For the first time my heart warmed to the man who in years after was my friend and mentor—Alexander Gordon, Master of the Arts, the man who wedded me and gave my children Christian baptism, and brought solace in the train of those little ones lost for a space to me among the grasses and flowers of Kilmalieu.

(To be continued.)

LOVE LOOKED BACK

Love looked back from the Place of the Star,
And whispered thus to me;
Ay, though it traveled so faint and far,
And his face I might not see,
Past the tumult, the stir and jar,
I knew that it was he;

"Sing the song that is thine and mine
Though none shall hearken or know.
Here, where my watchfires ceaseless shine
And blossoms of white dreams blow,
Past the surging of bitter brine,
The meaning of song shall go.

"Though from flame unto frozen spar
No voice shall answer thee;
Deep in the solitudes that are
Where swallows of thought dart free,
In the heart of cool, blue calms afar
The haven of song shall be."
Love looked back from the Place of the Star
And whispered thus to me.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, August 1, 1898.

The publications for July were naturally quite light and contained but few titles likely to meet with any considerable sale. *Rupert of Hentzau*, the sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, was incomparably the most important and reached a remarkable sale, advance orders having been particularly good. As a direct result the improved sale of *The Prisoner of Zenda* is noticeable, the sixteenmo edition remaining on the market was at once exhausted and there has been a good demand for the twelvemo edition uniform with *Rupert of Hentzau*. Other works of fiction published during the month include *A Romance of Summer Seas*, by Varina Anne Jefferson-Davis; *Ye Lyttle Salem Maide*, by E. W. D. Hamilton, and *In the Sargasso Sea*, by Thomas A. Janvier. Of miscellaneous subjects *Collections and Recollections* has been very well received and is in considerable demand. There have been several additions to what may be termed war literature, of which *Yesterday in the Philippines*, by Joseph Earle Stevens, should have a good sale as there is very little in written book form on the Philippines. The continued inability to supply Foreman's *Philippines* may be considered a misfortune as undoubtedly a good number could have been sold. A few books on religious subjects are still meeting with a sufficient demand to warrant mention at this time, notably *In His Steps*, *The Twentieth Century City* and *The Ideal Life*.

Fiction, however, has been the mainstay of recent sales and the continued calls for *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, *Penelope's Progress*, *The King's Jackal* and *The Pride of Jennico* have materially helped out the dull season. In addition to the above claiming attention in this connection are *American Wives*, by Gertrude Atherton; *The Londoners*, by Robert Hichens, and *The Celebrity*, by Winston Churchill. Paper-bound fiction is also in demand to some extent and the popular books in this style include *The Gift of Bonaparte*, *A Captive Princess*, *The Queen's Cup* and *For Freedom's Sake*.

A number of new editions of standard authors are being brought out. Messrs. Harper and Brothers' new volumes in their editions of Thackeray continue to sell readily. Mr. A. L. Burt is showing some very attractive editions of Scott, the illustrations in the more expensive sets being from new plates, and Mr. David McKay will bring out a competitive edition of the Temple Shakespeare which compares favourably with the original.

Library trade has kept up unusally well for this time of year. The orders, while covering quite an extensive field of literature, are mostly for recent fiction with a noticeable proportion of the books relating to matters in connection with subjects suggested by the war. The first of the text-book orders for the coming season are being received and indicate that the popular authorities of the past will be mostly used; nevertheless, the publishers are bringing out a considerable number of new works in this department and are looking forward to a good season of introductions.

While sales generally at present are light, the prospect of an early closing of the war is leading everyone to believe that an exceptionally good trade may be expected during the coming month.

The most popular books of the month in their order of sale are as follows:

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols., $2.00.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols., $2.00.

Silence, and Other Stories. By Mary Wilkins. $1.25.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

The Terror. By Fèlix Gras. $1.50.

Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. $1.50.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, Aug. 1, 1898.

Sales during July as a rule reach the lowest point of the year, and more attention is given to preparations for the autumn campaign than to anything else. Vacations too are the order of the day, and the much harassed book clerk betakes himself off to recuperate, where there are no bookstores and, if he can find such a place, where there are no books.

Speaking generally the month's business was fair, and to the conservative mind as satisfactory as could be expected. The successful termination of the war is looked for soon, and the expectation of this is having

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already a good effect upon the trade. Everyone is hopeful and bookmen generally expect to participate largely in the improvement of business, which usually follows unsettled times, such as we have recently experienced.

Fiction enjoyed, as always in midsummer, a relatively larger call than anything else, especially the cheaper kinds of paper-bound books. War literature claimed also a good deal of atention, but upon the whole the demand was less brisk than during May and June. An increased call for biographies of the late Mr. Gladstone, and also for his works, was noticeable, but his death has not increased the sale of Gladstone literature to any appreciable extent.

A cheaper edition, printed from new plates, of Will Carleton's works has just reached us, and at the reduced price the books should sell well during the forthcoming season. Carleton's books have declined in sale during the last few years, and this action on the part of his publishers, may help to restore him to popularity.

Rupert of Hentzau led the demand last month, and a large number was sold. The work will hardly be accorded the measure of popularity that *The Prisoner of Zenda* has enjoyed, but it appears likely to outsell any other of Anthony Hope's books.

The usual July exhibit of new and forthcoming publications, afforded book-sellers in this locality a valuable opportunity to learn what publishers intend to bring forth in the autumn. New books will be plentiful, judging from the samples shown, and it is possible that the total number published will exceed the average considerably, many works having been held back on account of the war. It is to be feared however that a great deal of publishing will be crowded into the last two months of the year, as preparations are not so well advanced as they might have been, and some houses have not even decided upon their full complement of books yet. Advance orders were good, and in most cases the bills sold were larger than last year.

Yesterday in the Philippines is the first book to reach us, descriptive of that region, and it is selling remarkably well.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century, by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, still leads the demand for books on Spain, and *Cuba in War Time*, by R. H. Davis, is the most popular of the various works on Cuba.

The King's Jackal by Mr. R. H. Davis, sold very well last month, as did also *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. *Caleb West* is also going well. Some of the older favourites, such as *The Choir Invisible*, *Quo Vadis*, and *The Hon. Peter Stirling* fell off slightly in regard to the number sold, but not more than can reasonably be expected at this time of the year. Metaphysical books are not supposed to be read much just now, as they hardly come under the head of summer reading, but some of them, notably *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, are having a surprising demand.

Four or five more editions of *The Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyám*, will appear in the autumn. At this rate nearly every publisher in the land will soon have the work upon his list.

The most complete and satisfactory line of samples shown in Chicago last month, was that of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Nearly all of their forthcoming books, and the list is a large one, were shown exactly as they will appear.

The following books led the demand in the West last month:

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

The Terror. By Félix Gras. $1.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 20 to July 16, 1898.

The state of business during the period has been as a whole satisfactory, that is to say, at the usual summer level. After the marked check it receives at the first burst of real summer weather, it usually improves slightly, and then continues unchanged until the holiday season is past. There is a fair amount of activity in business with the colonies and foreign countries generally.

The sale of fiction of all kinds, and the 6s. novel in particular, has been a better one during the period under notice. At the moment of writing there is no particular work which is ahead of the others.

With the single exception of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Gladstone*, in the Prime Ministers' Series, there is very little inquiry for works dealing with the deceased statesman. Wagner literature is also in the background.

Theology is in slight demand only. Very little is done just now in books of this class, save in the case of Canon Gore's *Lord's Prayer* and Welldon's *Hope of Immortality*.

The new 6s. Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works has been well received.

Large orders have been booked (amounting to something like 25,000 copies) of Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, which will be issued by the time this is in print.

There is still a good trade in London Guide books, and the number published is being constantly augmented. The ordinary trav

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eller's county handbook seems, in some measure, to have given place to the 1s. guide to a town and neighbourhood. Messrs. Ward and Lock's 1s. series, a comprehensive one, is in great favour.

Books on cricket, noticeably Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on the subject, and in fact publications on athletics of all kinds, are now to the fore, as also are books dealing with out-door life in any form.

The issue of the first number of the *Harmsworth Magazine* has been quite an event in the trade. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the issue, when it is stated that for the purposes of this report it has been officially ascertained that the leading wholesale house has distributed about 150,000 copies of this publication, weighing *over fifty tons.*

Below is appended the usual list of the most popular publications of the hour. It may be noted that many of the titles have appeared here before, and that on the whole there is an improvement in what may be styled the permanency of books generally.

Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A Pink'un and a Pelican. By Binstead and Wells. 6s. (Bliss.)

The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

At the Cross Roads. By F. Montresor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Hannibal's Daughter. By A. Haggard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Ape, the Idiot, etc. By W. C. Morrow. 6s. (Richards.)

The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)

Leddy Marget. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (Longmans.)

Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By W. E. Tirebuck. 6s. (Harper.)

The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath. By B. Thomson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Bam Wildfire. By H. Mathers. 6s. (Burleigh.)

Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale.)

Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

R. N. Carey's Works. New 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)

The Price of a Wife. By J. S. Winter. 3s. 6. (White.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. net. (Dent.)

Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

Waiting for the Spring. By D. Trelawny. 1s. (Church Bells.)

The Wonderful Century. By A. R. Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

The Lord's Prayer. By Canon Gore. 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

The Hope of Immortality. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s. (Seeley.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1, 1898, and August 1, 1898,

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Silence. By Miss Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Mrs. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Her Ladyship's Elephant. By Wells. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

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BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Madam of the Ivies. By E. P. Train. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
5. Nulma. By Mrs. Praed. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Bird Neighbors. By Blanchan. $2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
5. Silence. By Miss Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Duenna of a Genius. By M. E. Francis. $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan Co.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan Co.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)
6. Silence. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper Bros.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Mrs. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
4. Silence. By Miss Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
5. In Kings' Houses. By Julia R. C. Dorr. $1.50. (L. C. Page Co.)
6. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribners.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt & Co.)
2. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (The Macmillan Co.)
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
6. The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a diary. $2.50. (Harper.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Silence and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (H. Holt.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan. By Henry Gilman. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt.)
3. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.50. (Henry Holt.)
5. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The King's Jackal. Richard Harding Davis. $1.25. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Seven Months a Prisoner. By Hadley. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)
4. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Ghosts I Have Met. By John K. Bangs. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
3. King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
4. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan Co.)
5. Waters of Caney Fork. By Opie Read. $1.50. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50 (D. Appleton & Co.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The King's Jackal. By Richard H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Javan Ben Seir. By Walker Kennedy. 75 cts. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. The Valley Path. By Drumgoole. $1.25. (Estes & Lauriat.)

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. The Habitant. By Dr. Drummond. $1.00. (G. P. Putnam.)
2. The False Chevalier. By Lighthall. $1.50. (F. E. Grafton & Sons.)
3. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.25. (Cassell.)
4. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
5. The Final War. By Tracey. Paper, 75 cts. (G. P. Putnam.)
6. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Moray.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
4. The Terror. By F. Gras. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)
5. Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. $1.50. (H. Holt & Co.)
6. The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 50 cts. (D. Appleton & Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Ghosts I Have Met.. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Oregon Boyhood. By Banks. $1.25. (Lee & Shepard.)
5. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton's.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)
3. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt & Co.)
5. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
6. Ghosts I Have Met. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (H. Holt & Co.)
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (C. Scribner's.)
3. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
5. Evelyn Innes. By Geo. Moore. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)
6. The Haunts of Men. By R. Chambers. $1.25. (C. Scribner's.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. General Manager's Story. By H. E. Hamblin. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

TORONTO, CAN.

1. †Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)
2. †The King's Jackal. By Davis. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
3. *Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Hutchinson & Co.)
4. †John of Strathbourne. By Chetwode. 50 cts. (Morang.)
5. *Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. †The False Chevalier. By W. D. Lighthall. $1.50. (Grafton & Sons.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Ye Lyttle Salem Maide. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan & Co.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. $1.50. (H. Holt & Co.)
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope.
2. The King's Jackal. By Davis.
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward.
4. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
5. Penelope's Progress. By Mrs. Wiggin.
6. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.

*Colonial edition.
†Canadian edition.

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